

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

"GOOD" RESOLUTIONS OF THE LITERARY WORLD.  
A LEGEND OF SOUTH STREET.  
GOTHE'S IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.  
HON. JOHN A. DIX'S SKETCHES OF MADEIRA.  
PROGRESS OF THE HALF CENTURY.  
APPRECIATION OF NATURE BY THE ANCIENTS, by Talvi.  
BOOK NOTICES.  
CATALOGUE RAISONNE OF BOOKS NOT REPRINTED HERE.  
LITERARY GOSSIP.—Editors of Shakespeare—M. Bailière's Publications—Paternoster Row—Professor Reed—Mrs. Bell Martin—Sir Lumley Skelington—Shakspeare's House—Lord Nugent.  
ABUSE OF THE GRAVE.  
POETRY.—The Beauty of Holiness, by Emily Herrmann—The Ladder of St. Augustine, by H. W. Longfellow—A Man's Requirements, by Mrs. Browning—Stanzas, by Alfred Tennyson.  
THE BULL FIGHT. A Tale, by Leigh Hunt.  
FINE ARTS.—Fine Art Publications—Gossip.  
THE DRAMA.—AT HOME AND ABROAD.  
FACTS AND OPINIONS.—Mr. Webster at the New England Festival—Countess Dembinski—The "Oriental" at London—M. Guizot's Washington.  
VARIETIES, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.  
PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR.

## A FEW "GOOD" RESOLUTIONS OF THE LITERARY WORLD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

HAVING secured a sufficiently large constituency to make our intentions for the new year a matter of interest, we have prepared them in the order of a declaration or preamble. We refer backwards to nearly Two Hundred numbers as vouchers of a right to appear in public: with that considerable army of quartos at our back, we advance upon the field—and to whomsoever may appear opposite or in front, we have to announce as among the conditions of the Campaign of Fifty-one:

That we shall not hesitate in these our "leaders" to give utterance to our free and honest opinions, wherever they may graze: at the risk of being charged by cliques and partisans with want of liberality: nor to secure the good opinion of any man shall we mortgage ourselves to any *ism* whatever. Our charter is Human Nature at large.

We forego entirely the idea of satisfying authors in our reviews of their works: and we suggest for their comfort and convenience, that they lay away the offending "World" to be read ten years thereafter.

In the distribution of praises and censures, we shall not think it necessary to consult the directory or the map to learn whether the subject of such judgment lives in our street, city, or State: we shall hail the gift of genius in a South Carolinian or Maine-man quite as cheerfully as in a genuine son of Manhattan who lights his cigar with us at the Club.

We shall not require that every one praised or applauded by us shall in all cases back us through thick and thin. We ask only a firm and manly reciprocity—and do not hold it to be our duty to lend a great deal of aid and encouragement to such scabby quill-drivers as make us the subject of petty abuse and misrepresentation.

We shall go on in our steady, humble way, acquiring all the honor and authority we can in the great world of Letters and public opinion without reference to the growls, howls, or scowls of rival enterprises: and will not mind if we are even pronounced disappointed authors by those who have yet to show the world that they are capable of writing a book worthy of a review in these pages.

We will not indulge in an elaboration of stereotype praise of a manager merely because

the doors of his theatre are kept open. We shall expect him to do something to be praised for.

We are stubbornly resolved not to publish in the Literary World articles written by anybody upon themselves; although, if we could get an account of some persons as they must think of themselves after they have perpetrated a vile falsehood or petty slander, it would be a curiosity of self-analysis we should be delighted to make public.

We shall not hold it incumbent on us to bow down in worship of foreign foxes, lions, and elephants (whether they come in the shape of crafty caterers of public amusement, pretentious vocalists, thundering impressarios, big-little authors, or fiddlers), but we shall still endeavor to render equal and exact justice to all real talent, come whence it may.

As our sole aim in this publication is to serve the good literature of the country, we would have everybody take notice that whoever seeks to obstruct us is (in our opinion) no friend to good grammar, good morals, good men, good mirth, or good manners; and he may go his way: and be his portion a diet of "yellow cover" off a dirty table for the rest of his days.

We shall make few explanations or apologies in the course of the year, for matter in or out of the paper. Work must speak for itself. It is either there or not there; and that is all the public care about it.

FINALLY, we are resolved to be as grave as a Quarterly, as witty as Punch, as statistical as "The Merchant's Magazine," as authoritative as the London Times or Courier and Enquirer, as comprehensive as Harper's Monthly or the International; and, altogether, the Literary World shall be a perfect type of the American public, an agreeably-compounded medley of fact, news, learning, literature, gossip, criticism, and every other subject and object which the universal Jonathan, in his miscellaneous way, busies his pate with in the course of the week.

The New Year of the Literary World is now fairly begun. Happy be its course to all who read these pages!

## A LEGEND OF SOUTH STREET.

IN a certain part of the good city of Gotham the curious or information-seeking traveller may find a one-sided avenue of carts and commerce known as South street; and when the said traveller has found it, it is highly probable that he will recognise it, and that it will remain green in his memory, and the effects of the knowledge black and blue upon his person for a long time.

He will ascend huge Alps of flour, beef, and pork barrels, and, descending, probably alight in a tub of pitch. He will break his shins in perilous encounter with skids, kits of tanned salmon, butter firkins, and lard kegs.

He will have to stand off and on, tacking about, and beating around a cart at every store-door, like a sloop navigating a narrow channel in a head wind. He will lose his patience, the polish from his shoes, the gloss from his coat, and the spectacles from his nose—provided said nose be spectacle-saddled. His ears will be treated to a great variety of sounds,

not exactly belonging to, or incorporated in the calendar of music. His nose will be regaled with odors—not strictly Sabean—but a general mixture, a chromatic scale of villainous smells, commencing with the perfumes of lob-scouse and boiled crabs from the *al fresco* hotels on each corner, and running up through the different keys of codfish, grease, lard, and rotten cheese, until the "bad eminence," the *ultima Thule*, the *C in alt* be attained, in the form of exhalations of bilge water from slips and ships, and emanations from the piles of heterogeneous filth drawn from the frequent sewers.

The herein abovementioned street does not proceed about its business in a straightforward manner, as it is the bounden duty of every commercial thoroughfare engaged in legitimate transactions to do. Neither does it wind gracefully along in serpentine style, like many streets whose attention is divided between small traffic and pleasure, meandering about with their hands in their breeches' pockets. Of this peculiar school, perhaps, Pearl street is a fair example, which, after running a rare rig among raggeries and groggeries, tapers off with undertakers' shops, and "brings up" very appropriately at the Hospital.

Not so with our street, but blundering right ahead it jumps entirely over such petty intervening obstacles as ships, barges, and canal boats, and landing plump upon the other side, plunges down, and goes on about its business as unconcerned as though nothing unusual had happened. Should an unfortunate traveller attempt to follow its mad career, his rashness would probably result in his body's becoming a small ottoman, a settee for, and a puzzle to, the brains of some dozen of free and independents picked up at the next grog-shop, and the said dozen would in all human probability bring in "Found drowned," which every one acquainted with the peculiar effects of water under certain circumstances upon the physiology of man, would have known without the testimony of their sweet voices; or else in lieu of finding the street guilty of murder, we shall have "By the visitation of God," which, as some one remarks, is equivalent to, God knows how he did it.

But bless me, what a peroration! To be honest, however, I may as well inform the curious that it has been written for the same reason that very small infants are usually enveloped in very large clothes, and we mean by the length of our head to compensate for the shortness of our tale.

As I was walking up South street a few days since, having passed that region where the overfed barges and canal boats were vomiting up mountains of flour, pork, and whiskey, and had attained that part of the country where a large forest of masts shut out the river from my sight, and a legion of curious ships lay with their noses against the wharf, like so many harling dogs at a point, and their inquisitive bowsprits peering out over the roofs of the opposite buildings,—here among a host of larger craft I distinguished a small and somewhat antique-looking brig from whose mainmast floated a dingy pennon bearing the legend "Sally Brown." Heavens! how changed from the Sally Brown that once I knew,

some fifteen years ago, a smart, trim, and neat-looking affair, commanded and partly owned by Capt. Sam Brown, who had named her after his bride Sally, né Smith.

Capt. Sam Brown, a *Cape Cod* variety of the genus skipper, in those days ran his brig to and from the Island of Cuba to New York, carrying some freight for whom it might concern, all the passengers he could induce to people his somewhat scanty cabin, and a few notions for private speculators.

Now, although Captain Brown was piously inclined, he had a sharp eye to the main chance, and looked forward with eager impatience to the time when he should be the fortunate possessor of a farm, when he could permanently leave one Sally and take up his abode with the other. In fine, he was fond of turning a penny, and having rather indistinct ideas of the correct acceptance of *meum* and *tuum*, or else deeming that *tuum* applied rather to individuals than to communities, did not always pay proper respect to Uncle Sam's custom-house regulations. Sam would smuggle a little when he had a fair opportunity, and might, I regret to say, be described as somebody has before described some other body, "while God-ward he was about right, man-ward he was rather twistical or so." One fine day as he was coming down to the brig he was met by the steward, who informed him that a custom-house officer had found a large lot of cigars not upon the manifest. Sam in great tribulation hastened on board, where the officer also volunteered a similar interesting communication.

Sam, of course, knew nothing of the cigars, but presumed they must belong to the mate, a very poor man, who had gone on shore to see his widowed mother, and thought the officer had better settle the affair quietly by pocketing the duties himself, thus making a good speculation, and saving the mate from utter ruin.

The officer was immovable, and after examining the vessel and seeing the cargo fairly landed—during all which time no mate made his appearance—he left, informing the captain that he should send down for the cigars.

Left alone to his own meditations Brown turned the affair over and over in mind, in quest of some path to lead him from the great calamity, and at length a brilliant idea occurred to him. He went on shore and purchased 20,000 Alexandria long nines, at ten and six the thousand, and sitting up all night, with the assistance of his hands—not corporal but marine—opened the boxes of Havannas, removed their contents, and refilled them with the long nines. In a day or so the custom-house officer made his appearance. He had considered the matter, and his humane feelings had triumphed. He would not ruin the man, but would accept of a little more than the duties,—say five dollars per thousand—and cry quits. It was now Sam's turn to cut up rough, and he did so: telling the officer that he had made up his mind to have nothing to do with them, and that he would not risk his vessel. He concluded by ordering him to take the cigars and go—no matter where.

Sam sold his Havannas in peace, left the port, and in a year from the date was seen attending a port warden's sale in New York, stimulated, perhaps, by a desire to know how much his *Alexandrine* Havannas would bring.

"What kind of cigars are those that were seized from you, Brown?" asked his colleague.

"Never you mind," replied Brown, "they will bring all they are worth."

And so they did. Despite their unfavorable appearance and unpleasant odor, being indisputably Havannas, they were sold for fifteen dollars. I have since this affair been thoroughly convinced that it is not all gold that glistens. Should any reader doubt the truth of this narrative, I shall be very happy to accompany him to the "Sally Brown," where he may hear the story from the lips of the former mate—now the captain.

As for Sam Brown himself, he is snugly harbored with the amiable Sally, and has long ere this made the interesting discovery that gales may be encountered on shore as well as sea—and that married men with large families of small children must look out for frequent squalls at all hours, and in all latitudes.

P. P.

#### LITERATURE.

##### GOETHE'S IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.\*

A NOVELTY for the stock of American literature is a new translation of Goethe's celebrated classical production, the drama of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, from the pen of Professor Adler, of the New York University. Prof. Adler has been known to the public by his elaborate and accurate large German and English Dictionary, the standard work in use in America at this time. This translation presents him in a more genial light, as the skilful adapter of a language familiar to him as his mother's tongue, to one of the most touching and profound compositions of modern times. It is not every man who should approach such a work. It requires a certain tenderness and magnanimity even in a translator. These are conditions of the original which Prof. Adler meets; he is conscious of these pervading powers, and has preserved them in the purity and vigor of his composition.

It is a strange power exerted over us by that long extended tale of the house of Atreus; a strange sympathy, which still pours out our tears an unforced libation on the altar of a superstition over which centuries have passed; a narrative which is removed from us by customs long since alien; associations, every link of which lies buried in dust, with the mythic heroes of three thousand years ago, deeds filled with horror, a long series of crime and vengeance utterly revolting. But two simple words solve the mystery, the poet and humanity. It is in the magnificent opera of the great Greek Tragedians that we read the story, awe-struck and nailed to the narrative, and it is as we are men that every allusion moves us from the insolent fall of Tantalus, the companion of the Gods, to the seams which the furies have ploughed in the haggard countenance of Orestes. The Majesty of Antiquity fills to the echo the trump which sounds forth even the unlettered woes of our plebeian life. What a splendid proof of the unity of the race does this Greek literature offer—while scientific men are groping about for their evidences in the dust of tombs, in material arts, reading thigh bones and pottery, a Goethe takes down the strangely fashioned harp from the wall, and, as he rekindles its ancient melodies, is more demonstrative than all the ethnologists.

Of every incident in that heroic family history of crime and misfortune which peoples the Grecian drama, none is better suited to

modern art than the episode which Goethe chose, "*Iphigenia in Tauris*." At that remote spot where the interest of the story is still more secluded and enhanced by separation from the stained Grecian soil, Iphigenia a priestess—immeasurably more elevated than the Norma of our lyrical drama—is the embodiment of this memorable historic legend, and, in her personal character, of the purity and power of womanhood. She stands a stay and centre of hope in the perilous action of the drama. There is an ineffable pathos—one of the noblest expressions of Grecian art—in her sighs for home and submission to her destiny. No woe which comes to her ear can exceed the past annals of her house: the violent death of her father, the expiatory fate of her mother, the furies of Orestes draw from her no vulgar wailing or lamentation; but an eternal sorrow sits in the beauty of her countenance. How finely has Goethe painted all this, sitting calmly in his studio of the human heart! What a crowning grace is given by the courage of Iphigenia as she proclaims the truth when fraud seems the only way to deliverance!

This drama is to be read as a whole: we must be surrounded entirely by its charmed circle to feel its full possession—not, therefore, as a substitute for Mr. Adler's translation, which preserves, if not all the grace of the original, which must wait for an American Goethe to present in some entirely new creation, its most essential traits—do we offer a few detailed passages:—which we trust will induce the reader to purchase the volume, in support of a species of literary labor seldom adequately encouraged either here or in England.

The following is a soliloquy of Iphigenia on the announcement by the barbarian king of the arrival of two captives, strangers, who by custom are to be sacrificed at the altar of Diana. You see in the concluding lines the spirit of this story—the wide extended contemplation of pity, most omnipresent virtue affecting races of men. This is the secret of the literature which becomes ancient—that it entertains primary and universal conditions of man.

##### IPHIGENIA (alone) TO DIANA.

"Thou hast clouds, delivering deity,  
Therein to hide those unjustly pursued,  
And on winds to bear them away from  
Destiny's iron hands, o'er the ocean,  
Over the earth's most distant expanse,  
And wherever thy pleasure may prompt thee.  
Wise art thou, and beholdest the future,  
Even the past is not over to thy mind;  
And thy look is fixed on thy minions,  
As thy light, the life of our nights here,  
Rules with serene sway over earth's bosom.  
Oh, do thou keep from blood my hands pure;  
Never can rest or a blessing attend it.  
And the shade of whom accident murdered  
Grimly lurks for the sad and reluctant  
Criminal's evil hour to torment him.  
For the gods take highest delight in  
The good and wide-spreading races of mortals,  
And they prolong his fugacious existence  
Gladly to man; would willingly grant him  
Leave, for a while, to share their eternal  
Heaven's perpetual, blissful fruition."

Iphigenia separated from the Greeks at Aulis, has heard nothing of the fate of Troy or of the fortunes of her family. These are communicated to her by Pylades and Orestes. We quote the passage in which the latter makes himself known:—

##### IPHIGENIA.

"Immortal deities, who spend pure days  
Of blue on never-fading clouds unthroned,

\* *Iphigenia in Tauris*. A Drama in Five Acts. By Goethe. Translated from the German, by G. J. Adler, A. M. Appleton & Co.



Have ye for this alone so many a year  
Secluded me from men, kept me so close  
By your own side, this childlike occupation  
Of feeding here the sacred fire's red glow  
To me intrusted, and my longing soul  
In everlasting pious purify  
Flame-like drawn upwards to your blessed abodes,  
That I the horrors of my house hereafter  
Should feel more keenly?—Speak to me, I pray,  
Of the unhappy one! Speak of Orestes!

ORESTES.

"Oh! could his death be subject of discourse!  
As if fermenting from her reeking blood,  
The mother's ghost arose,  
Calling unto Night's ancient daughters thus:  
'Let not the matricide escape your grasp!  
Pursue the culprit, doomed to be your prey!'  
They listen to the voice, their hollow gaze  
Darts with an eagle's greediness around.  
In their dark caverns they bestir themselves;  
Doubt and Repentance, their companions grim,  
Come slinking slowly from their hiding-place.  
The smoke from Acheron ascends before them;  
And in its cloudy circles rolls about  
The eternal Contemplation of the Past  
Around the guilty head, embarrassing.  
And they, entitled to destroy, now tread  
The fair soil of this God-sown earth again,  
From which an ancient curse had banished them.  
Their nimble foot pursues the fugitive;  
They only give repose to terrify anew.

IPHIGENIA.

"Unhappy man, thou art in equal plight,  
And feel'st what he, poor exile, must endure!"

ORESTES.

"What say'st thou! And what deem'st thou  
equal plight?"

IPHIGENIA.

"The curse of fratricide oppresses thee, as him;  
Already has thy youngest brother told me.

ORESTES.

"I cannot bear that thou, magnanimous soul,  
Shouldst be deluded by deceitful words.  
A stranger weaves, in cunning skilled, for strangers,  
Ingenuously a tissue of deceit,  
To involve their feet in snares; between us two  
Let there be truth!  
I am Orestes!"

The apostrophe which follows this is in the  
truest spirit of the Greek tragedy:—

IPHIGENIA.

"So thou descend'st at last to me, Fulfilment,  
Thou fairest daughter of the Supreme Sire!  
How vast thine image stands before my eyes!  
My ken can scarcely reach up to thy hands,  
Which, crowned with fruit and wreaths of plenty,  
Bring down to us the treasures of Olympus.  
As kings are known by large munificence  
Of gifts—for insignificant to them must seem  
What would be wealth to thousands—thus ye gods  
Are known, too, by the choicest presents, long  
And wisely kept in store, for whom ye favor.  
For ye alone know what is best for us,  
Behold the future's far-extending realm,  
When every evening's starry veil or nebulous  
Our prospect intercepts. Ye calmly hear  
Our earnest prayer, which filially sues  
For speedy answer; but your cautious hand  
Plucks unripe ne'er the golden fruit of heaven.  
Woe be to him, who by bold importunity  
Extorting from you hurtful food, consumes it  
To his own ruin. Let this long-expected  
Yet scarcely realized delight not vainly  
And thrice more painfully pass by before me,  
The shade of some departed friend resembling."

THERE is in every human countenance either  
a history or a prophecy, which must sadden,  
or at least soften, every reflecting observer.—  
COLBRIDGE.

## SKETCHES OF MADEIRA.\*

THE sketcher of "A Winter in Madeira" is our late representative in the United States Senate, the Hon. John A. Dix; and the tour undertaken by him was performed in 1842, for the usual motive of the health of a member of the party, and by the usual packet and steamer route from New York to Madeira, thence Cadiz—a glance at Seville—the British steamer to Gibraltar—the Spanish steamer for Marseilles—with Genoa, Leghorn, and Florence, in regular traveller's sequence. The observation and narrative of this route, though neither is sharpened by the constant eye for capabilities with which your experienced book maker enlivens his paragraphs, exhibit the good sense and experience of the cultivated politician, and above all, a certain measurement of men and institutions, a knowledge of commerce and progress (or its reverse), which is an intuitive trait with a thorough-bred American citizen. Mr. Dix, as befits his Senatorship, is lucid on Constitutions and Free Trade, and finds his material ready in the Portuguese dependency of Madeira and its restrictive commercial policy. The chapter on the Government of Portugal is a history of Cortez and Constitutions, of administrative and legislative checks, and other aids of free government carried out as far as is consistent with monarchy and monopoly. As there is no talk of the immediate annexation of Madeira, we may defer our consideration of these matters to that future occasion; in the meantime plucking an anecdote or two by the way, touching a question in which we are now constantly interested—free trade. One of these is connected with ourselves, the old and fashionable consumption of Madeira in this country:—

"The Madeira wines were first brought into notice in the western hemisphere by the city of Charleston, in South Carolina. From that city the island received large supplies of rice, which constituted a considerable portion of the subsistence of its inhabitants. A more natural or beneficial traffic to the islanders there could not well be. They were profiting largely by it. They found a ready and advantageous vent for their staple, and they received in return a cheap and nutritious article of food. In an evil hour, Portugal, under the influence of the protective system—a system which too often turns the industry it seeks to regulate and benefit into unnatural and unprofitable channels—imposed a heavy duty on rice imported from any but its own dominions. The object was to protect the rice of Brazil. The object was accomplished: the rice of Brazil obtained a monopoly of the Madeira market. The trade with Charleston was destroyed; for the impost on rice amounted to a prohibition. But Brazil does not want the wines of Madeira; and the people of the island, at least those who can afford it, eat bad rice at prices comparatively high, without being able to pay for it directly with their own products."

But the soap monopoly is the most odious, as it achieves the legislative exploit of a direct premium upon diet and ill health. The Funchalese are very badly off for soap:—

## FREE TRADE IN SOAP.

"The importation of soap and tobacco is in the hands of a contractor, who, for the exclusive privilege of supplying the kingdom, pays the government over a million of dollars a year. The contract is usually sold once in three years to the highest bidder; though it has for several years been in the hands of an individual, to reimburse loans made of him by Don Pedro. These

\* *A Winter in Madeira, and a Summer in Spain and Florence.* Hildredge.

articles, excepting in the hands of the contractor, are, of course, contraband. Nor is this all. To make the monopoly complete, no person in the island is permitted to make soap in his own house, or raise tobacco on his own land. *There is an old woman now imprisoned in Funchal for making her own soap in violation of the monopoly.* A more arbitrary exertion of power cannot be fancied. So far as tobacco is concerned, the consumers may not be considered entitled to any special sympathy; though the principle of controlling an individual as to the particular articles he may raise on his own soil, is equally offensive in the sight of all political justice. But the soap monopoly is an unmixed evil, oppressive in principle and iniquitous in practice. It is a tax on cleanliness; a bounty on squalidness and filth, on fleas, and other vermin of a most loathsome character; and it can hardly fail to produce a fruitful crop of all. The poorest soap (such soap as no one would use in the United States—course, dirty, and of horrible odor) is sold by the monopolists at twenty-two cents the pound. They are not allowed to sell it at a higher rate! But on all fancy soaps they may charge what they please."

The descriptions of scenery by Mr. Dix are generally very happy; they bring before us the details of a complicated scene with much distinctness. We get, or fancy we do, a very accurate idea of the town and harbor of Funchal—its walled roads, ravines, and mountains—and the method of finding your way among them. The register of the climate during the traveller's stay in the island is valuable. A severe storm detracted something from its usual summer mildness in midwinter. But this was an exceptional case: the average experience goes to reassure the invalid in the proverbial good fame of the island. The best meteorological table is the dinner table. This was the fare which Mr. Dix and his party sat down to at Funchal, in January:—

## MARKETING AT FUNCHAL.

"The comforts of living in Funchal may fairly challenge a comparison with those of almost any other city of the same magnitude. It has but about 25,000 inhabitants; and it cannot be expected to furnish as many luxuries as places ten, twenty, and fifty times as populous; for as masses of men accumulate at a particular point, wealth, and the means of satisfying its demands, increase there also. But all the substantial comforts of life are enjoyed as fully as elsewhere. There is a great variety of fish, of excellent quality. Some, indeed, belong to the class of luxuries. It is but just now that we have been feasting for a fortnight on those delicious little sardines, which we receive, at home, from France, immersed in sweet oil and carefully soldered up in tin boxes. They come about the island once a year in shoals, remain for a few weeks, and then disappear. They are as regular in coming and going as our river shad. When taken fresh from the water, they are very fine. No epicure could ask anything better. Vegetables are abundant. No better potatoes are to be found, even in the Green Isle itself. Ever since our arrival we have been eating green peas. It is now January, and our table was supplied with them to-day. Then we have the chou-chou, a small vegetable, green without and white within, of an oval shape, with a single seed in the centre. It is, in taste, a medium between the squash and the turnip, if such a medium can be conceived. We have small pumpkins, too, of the size of a citron melon, cut in two and boiled, with melted butter poured over them when they are brought to the table. If they came in the form of an old-fashioned New England pumpkin pie, we should like them better; but in their present questionable shape, they are not unpalatable. There is always a plentiful supply of beef in the market, and of very good quality. Chickens are abundant, but poor. Turkeys, on the other hand, are very fine, and so are ducks. Sometimes we have pigeons,

both wild and tame, and alike good. Rabbits are abundant, and partridges less so, but always to be had. The mutton is decidedly bad, strong in flavor and lean in condition. The secret of this deficiency is partly explained, when it is understood that no wether mutton is to be obtained. The mountains afford a fine range for flocks; and on the northern side of the island, within fifteen miles, there is an abundant supply of proper food for them springing spontaneously from the earth."

We may add to this list a novelty in the supper entertainment:—

#### CHICKEN BROTH.

"One part of the entertainment deserves a distinct notice—more especially as it was the only one which was strictly national. At half-past one o'clock the company were served with chicken broth, handed round in cups and saucers; and most excellent broth it was—so strong that a whole brood of chickens must have been immolated in preparing it. It has been often sneered at by visitors. But why should it be? It is in every sense as appropriate as the roast ducks, stewed oysters, and ham sandwiches with which guests are regaled; with us, at the termination of an evening's entertainment. For the purpose of repairing the animal strength wasted by exercise, there can hardly be a more appropriate prescription than a strong infusion of chicken's flesh; and after a cup of broth, one's slumbers are certainly much less likely to be disturbed than after tasking the digestive organs with the assimilation, as the doctors have it, of a mass of solid food. We vote with the Funchalese, for the chicken broth."

The religious system of Portugal in this island, allows toleration for opinions, but not for the externals of church worship. You may think as you like, and pray in your closet as you please; but you mustn't put a steeple on your church, or indulge in the ecclesiastical romance of stone and mortar. Protestants may get along in a way, however, and within the limits of the prohibition, there is a snug, though—

#### PECULIAR ENGLISH CHURCH.

"The Episcopal church in Funchal (for it bears that name, though it has no steeple or bell, and looks more like an edifice devoted to scientific or literary uses) is a beautiful structure, and it stands in the midst of a garden laid out and embellished with great taste and neatness. The grounds are full of trees and shrubs, some of them rare, and the approach to them is through a passage of some ten feet in breadth, the walls of which are completely overspread on each side with geranium and heliotrope, in full blossom, and ever exhaling fragrance. Indeed it is quite a fairy little establishment, and it is well calculated to invest the worship of God with bright and beautiful associations, such as appropriately belong to it. The builders, however, seem to have improved upon the constitutional prohibition. It has as little the form of a church within as without, saving the two pulpits, which are perched up on each side of the altar, as it were for symmetry, and the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, which stand behind in gilt letters. The whole central part of the building is circular in form, from the floor to the ceiling; and in the second story, or gallery, the pews eluster round this circle, looking, in front, precisely like the boxes in a theatre, but without their succession of seats rising one above the other to give spectators a sight of the play. Each pew has a level floor, with chairs for the occupants, and the inclosure in front is so high that it is difficult to look down upon the floor below. Better retreats for drowsy subjects cannot be fancied. They might sleep through the whole service, sermon and all, without the least fear of detection. The church in winter is so well filled that not only all the pews are occupied, but chairs are placed in the aisles as close together as possible, each one labelled with the sinner's name, and the use of each brings into the parochial treasury the snug little

sum of six dollars. The Rev. Mr. Lowe is a most excellent man, and writes capital sermons; and those who attend to his spiritual instruction as they ought, will be sure to be benefited by it."

English society is the staple of Funchal. Mr. Dix pays it this undoubtedly deserved comment:—

"Neither dinner nor evening parties are frequent, and they are generally given by the English residents, whose unaffected kindness, courtesy, and hospitality are proverbial. Many of them have amassed fortunes in the island, and have expended their earnings very freely in the embellishment of their houses and gardens, which are generally on the high ground back of the city. Indeed, most of the finest places belong to English merchants. The enterprise, shrewdness, and persevering industry of the Anglo-Saxon race are, on this side of the Atlantic, as on the other, everywhere visible in accumulations of wealth, and in a liberal and enlightened expenditure. The English are to the old world what the Yankees are to the new—not only busy at home, but perpetually carrying their enterprise abroad, and triumphing, wherever they go, over all competition."

We shall not accompany our traveller to the continent of Europe. His observations there are of matters more familiar to the reader; but there is a plain truthfulness about them, with, as we have said, an odor of Americanism, which will commend them to those who have oftenest made the journey.

#### PROGRESS OF THE HALF CENTURY.\*

THE idea of Dr. Davis's Half Century is a good one, and it may, now we presume that the year 1851 has commenced settling that question, much vexed by profound arithmeticians, of the beginning of the half century, be published with a safe conscience, without a falsehood on its title page. The first half of the nineteenth century is concluded—a grand era in the world's history. The sexagenarian who overhauls his recollection of past events, and turns over the pages of Dr. Davis's volume, may congratulate himself that he has lived in no inglorious period. He has seen the formations of states and governments; the introduction of new laws of social life; the extension of the moral and religious elements through vast fields of opinion and personal amelioration, and the new powers of nature leaping forth to minister to the great movement. The world reaps in rapidly accumulating products, the crops sown in the seed plot of the past. We gather up in moments the agencies of centuries. The dullest recital of the events of the last few years, the mere chimney corner almanac, the most meagre country newspaper, must impress the least speculative. Dr. Davis's summary of the events of these years is brief, and mostly confined to the United States; the sketch of a plan worthy of being filled out at greater length and with proportionate increase of interest. Handled with the tact and eloquence of a Macaulay, how would this topic glow and sparkle, as fact after fact furnished its own humor, fancy, or invention.

The first chapter of this work is occupied with the political changes of the United States; then, in a second, the educational changes are noted; afterwards in succession the charitable establishments; moral reformation; means of inter-communication; progress of science; inventions, arts, and manufactures, missions, &c., &c.—all on the side of progress.

\* *The Half Century*; or, a history of changes that have taken place, and events that have transpired, chiefly in the United States, between 1800 and 1850. With an introduction, by Mark Hopkins, D. D. By Emerson Davis, D. D. Boston: Tappan & Whittemore.

We hear a great deal of steam and electricity overcoming time and space, and moving the world onward; but we have never had these views more tangibly brought home to us than by this paragraph from Dr. Davis's political chapter.

"The last battle was fought at New Orleans, January 8, 1815, in which the Americans were victorious. The treaty of peace was concluded by the commissioners at Ghent, December 24, 1814. If the means of communication had been as rapid then as now, it is possible that that battle would never have been fought."

A Collins steamer and the telegraph line, now in operation, would manage this matter with ease. Our author, by the way, is not "up" to the latest dates of the steamers. Though his book refers to some very recent matters he gives the following as the newest on this point:—

"The passage from Liverpool to New York occupies usually about seventeen days, and from New York to Liverpool about fifteen."

The change in the subject of Newspapers is as wonderful as anything in the annals of progress:—

"Dr. Franklin, proposing to start a newspaper, was urged by his friends to desist from his purpose, because there were already two or three papers in the country. In reply, Franklin said that more papers would make more readers. He was right, and his friends wrong. If they had lived in these days, they would, no doubt, wonder how so many newspapers can be supported."

"At the commencement of the present century, the editor, proprietor, and printer of a paper were usually the same person. The matter for the paper was mostly selected, and there was no expectation of or call for labored editorials. Many of the papers have ever been the property of practical printers, whose literary education has often been limited, and who had no talent to interest the public by the profound and stirring productions of their own pens. But there is an increased demand for such articles, and consequently many of our newspapers have had a brief existence. Very few have lived through the whole of the last half century."

"Within twenty-five years, many of our newspapers have employed one, and sometimes two, well educated men, who are able to discuss important questions, and to lead their readers to form sounder views than they otherwise would. This class of papers has a large circulation, and controls very much the sentiments promulgated in village papers, whose circulation is too small to pay an editor for his services."

The latter paragraph is naively worded; moderately complimentary to our great journals—but "the one, and sometimes two well educated men," is a true statement of the meagre fact touching our newspapers as compared with the higher journalism of Europe.

The American Art-Union gets a section among "Inventions, Arts, and Manufactures," but notwithstanding the liberal extension of information by that institution, through its honorary secretaries, bulletins, &c., its affairs are not posted up within several years, or some nine thousand of its maximum prosperity thus far. Of the 272 pictures distributed by lot among the members in 1847, it is recorded, "some of them were worth \$100 or more, and some, probably, not worth five." This is dry and modest. No one can accuse Dr. Davis of an immoderate estimate of American art and literature. The religious movements of the day occupy more of his attention. On these, as well as other controverted topics, he appears careful and impartial. His book is a



useful one—for its topics are too old for memory and not old enough for history, affording a middle ground for a convenient compilation of fact and "progress."

#### APPRECIATION OF NATURE BY THE ANCIENTS.

THE question, "whether the ancients took delight in nature, or not?" has been recently started in the *Evening Post*, and has given rise to some of the most exquisite translations of several Homeric fragments, which we have ever met with in English, nay, perhaps, in any language. As those remarks were quoted in a recent number of *The Literary World*, some suggestions in reference to the above-mentioned question may not be inapplicable here.

We do not know what "old German author" (who, perhaps, will turn out not to have been a very old one) it is, who said "that none of the ancients took delight in nature." *Das ganze Alterthum kennt keine Freude an der Natur*. Let us first remark, that this quotation can hardly be said to be fairly translated. It ought to be rendered "the whole ancient world knows no delight in nature." When we say, "this is a selfish world," this does not imply that we mean there is not an individual in the world who is not selfish; but refers only to the world in general. But even the statement that the ancients in general, i. e. the Greeks and Romans, did not take delight in nature, cannot well be defended. The "German author" would have an easier task if he had said "the ancients had no deep feeling for nature."

It seems almost a paradox to charge the Greeks with such a deficiency; they who were eminently the children of nature, and in all their feelings and views so much less artificial—so much less sophisticated than we are; a nation which animated each brook, each tree, each stone, with a living soul. While the whole Greek mythology is only an embodiment of the various emanations of a rich and loving nature; while all their beautiful legends and fables are only the hieroglyphic expression of her thoughts; how is it that their poets, whom we may consider as the fairest representatives of the national feeling, should, notwithstanding, be less susceptible than modern poets for the language of physical nature, as expressed in scenery, or in the air and skies? But before we attempt to find the reason, we must first try to prove that this deficiency really exists.

A certain *delight* in the various features of nature, we find frequently expressed in the ancient poets; most charmingly in those pleasant passages from Homer, translated by Mr. Bryant; to which might have been added the delightful description of the gardens of Alcibiades. The same delight, only conceived in a more expanded and philosophical form, meets us in the odes and epistles of Horace, the ingenious poet, whose joy it was—

"to rove  
To stream and moss-grown rocks and grove."<sup>a</sup>

But this delight, wherever displayed, and however gracefully expressed, is *without exception* of a superficial and perfectly *sensual* character. The Greeks—for the Romans, much more artificial than they, were only their heirs—enjoyed nature as the traveller, on a hot summer's day, enjoys the shade of a mighty tree; as a healthy child or a vigorous youth enjoys the luxury of a bath. Its influence increased their physical comfort. The beauty of flowers, the deliciousness of fruit, the splendor

of a starry sky, is described by them, without sentiment indeed, but with all the freshness of lively animal pleasure. Homer displays, in these descriptions, the whole *naïveté* of primitive unsophisticated man; Anacreon, the playful sensuality of a limited poetical mind; Horace, in most refined and elegant language, the longing of a debauchee after refreshment.

The predilection for country life so frequently met with in the classic writers—a partiality which seems even to have reconciled sometimes their statesmen to their worldly disappointments—is precisely of the same sensual, unelevating character. It had little to do with romance; little with poetry in general. Horace, indeed, admits that—

*Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus et fugit urbes*;<sup>b</sup>

The whole band of writers loves the grove and flies the cities.

But why? To inhale the balsamic air of the meadows—to listen to the murmuring of the mountain brook?—to drink in inspiration from the thousand sources of wild nature? Oh, no! the poet gives us himself the reason in the following verse:

*Rite ciliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra*;<sup>c</sup>

They are fitly the clients of Bacchus, rejoicing in sleep and shade.

Even if we admit that this remark is a little too sweeping, and reminds us of the satirist even in the *epistolist* Horace, we may, without injustice, assume that their general motives were not much higher. The simplicity and innocence of rural occupations, which give rest to the mind, shelter it from envy, and cure the stings of ambition; the wholesome air of the sea coast, when fevers reign in towns, and "fathers and mothers turn pale, in fear for their children;"<sup>d</sup> the stillness of the green fields, which favors rest at night, and mental repose in the day time,—these are the secrets of ancient partiality for country life; these are the themes of those celebrated odes and epistles devoted to its praise. The rushing rill delights the ancient poet, because it lulls him to sleep; the picturesque rocky wall keeps off the rough wind; the golden orange invites to convivial enjoyment; the foliage becomes green to crown his goblet; the fragrant rose blossoms to adorn the breast of his mercenary love.

Read all the Greek and Latin odes, elegies, and bucolics, from one end to the other, and you will hardly meet with an allusion to a deeper enjoyment of nature, to a more familiar, ennobling, sanctifying intercourse with her. The following verses were addressed by Horace to a noble youth:—

*"Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?"*

An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres  
Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?<sup>e</sup>

What shall I say that you are doing in the Pedanian region?

Do you rumble silently amongst the healthful woods and fields,

Meditating on everything worthy of one good and wise?<sup>f</sup>

These lines, which at least admit the possibility of a moral influence of nature, have always struck us as unique; and the best read classical scholar will find few parallels. In the whole range of ancient literature, there is no trace of that intimacy with nature, of that familiar intercourse with her, which may be considered as the principal characteristic of at least a great number of modern lyrical poets. Goethe stands here, as in many other points, at the head. No poet has ever lived in closer union, in purer harmony, with physical nature.

<sup>a</sup> Ep. II. 2. 77.

<sup>b</sup> Ib. 78.

<sup>c</sup> "Dum pueria omnis pater et matercula paillet." Hor.

<sup>d</sup> Ep. I. 7. 7.

<sup>e</sup> Ep. I. 4. 2, 4, 5.

In all the ancient poets together, you will not find the tenth part of that perfect understanding of her language, which you find on one page of the Sorrows of Werther, or in one of the numberless little effusions of this eminent poet, which were mostly the immediate results of his own ramblings.\* Of no Greek or Roman bard could ever have been said, what was said of the English poet, whom "melancholy had marked as her own"—

"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
Brushing with hasty step the dew away.  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn."

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
And pore upon the brook that babbles by."

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,  
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love."<sup>g</sup>

None could have said, like Werther preparing for death, "Mourn, mourn, O nature, thy friend, thy lover, deserts thee." In short, the selfish attachment to the joys of nature was, in the ancient poet, like the fire which we kindle to warm ourselves by; the love of nature, in the true modern poet, is the flame which bursts from the spark of his internal life.

Even the moon, that sweet enchantress, who strikes a chord of poetical pensiveness in the breast of the most prosaic modern individual, did not exercise her peculiar influence on the ancients. Her light was not to them the light of the heart. She was to them only a charming decorative painter, which by her shining made bright

"The headland heights and bright the peaks of the mountains."

In her light, Venus and the Graces and Nymphs danced their voluptuous dances in the season of spring.<sup>h</sup> She and the stars brightened the night when the faithless Nea-ras swore their false oaths to dissolute lovers.<sup>i</sup> Alas! the chaste goddess, in lighting her heavenly lamp, and covering all nature with her magic veil, had no influence on them! Conjugal love—the only love among the ancients on which, in reference to that epithet, she could have smiled—had little to do with her; and was more inclined to kindle the flame of its altar at the hearth's fire, than at the magic light of the moon.

The reason of this little susceptibility for nature among the ancients, we can only find in their general deficiency in respect to *deep* feeling. Children, or, indeed, all *very* young persons, seldom show a deep sense of the beauties of natural scenery. While they enjoy unconsciously the refreshing influence of the country air; while they pluck flowers and relish fruit; their *minds* receive no benefit from the rich gifts of nature. The ancients were children in their feelings, while their mental faculties were mature and fully developed. Their pleasures were principally physical. Even their enjoyment of the fine arts, in which, among the Athenians, all classes of society participated in some degree, was not the feeling of sentiment. Their innate sense of beauty was moved; their enjoyment was purely aesthetic, artistic, dispassionate. There are, doubtless, in several of the Greek tragedies, some passages of high pathos; and in Homer, all the scenes which refer to the natural relations of life—parental or conjugal affection, friendship, love of home, and the like—are

\* What reader of the German language will not here recall *Im alten Wipfel. In Schnee und Regen. Fuelst wieder Busch und Thal. Harzreise*, and many others.

<sup>g</sup> Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard."

<sup>h</sup> Horace Od. I. 4, 5, 6

<sup>i</sup> Id. Epod. 15. 149.

<sup>a</sup> Ep. I. 10. 6, Smart's translation.

certainly of a sweet and touching simplicity. But the whole character of those tragedies is frigid in the extreme; and Homer pleases the mind much more frequently than he touches the heart.

The Greek mythology excluded the prospect, not, indeed, of future life, but of future bliss; an idea which alone can give dignity to our thoughts of the departed. The visit of Ulysses to the abodes of the dead—where the shades of those who were once the glory and the ornament of the earth glide about in disconsolate gloom—is in the highest degree melancholy. But the sadness which this and similar scenes in the ancient poets display, is not the melancholy of the modern, the Christian mind, which dejects and elevates the soul at once; that intensity of feeling which seems inseparable from genius; and which alone can create the real sublime. The sadness of the ancients has in it something of the animal dejection and mental depression of the exhausted profligate. It is utterly comfortless. With their energy of action, with their faculty of enjoyment, they have lost their *existence*. Thus they ornamented their sarcophagi with figures engaged in dances and games. The image of the sensual pleasures of life was all that could console them in death.

Among the moderns the feeling for nature seems to be more developed in the northern nations than in those of the south. The literature of the Germans and English overflows with effusions expressing the influence of scenery, climate, atmosphere, in short of all the different features of nature. While the English are more descriptive, the Germans are more sentimental. The "Minnelieder," as well as the "Metrical Romances," are full of charming allusions to scenery. The literature of a nation will, however, in this respect, prove less characteristic than their popular poetry; for writers borrow from, and influence and imitate each other. Of the deep, joyous, lively sense of nature among the British as well as the Germans, a thousand popular ballads give evidence. The tropes and metaphors of the little Austrian and Suabian *Tanzweisen*, that is, extemporized ditties sung as an accompaniment of the dance, which in summer is mostly conducted in open air, are almost entirely taken from living nature. The Scotch songs, too, are interwoven with local scenery. In one of the incomparable ballads of Robin Hood, that celebrated outlaw tries to persuade a valiant knight he meets, to join him in his dangerous trade; and among the inducements he holds forth, one is, that he could then live in the merry greenwoods and hear the nightingale sing. Many of these and similar ballads open with a sweet picture of natural scenery.

"Merry it is in the grene forrest  
Among the levés grene," etc.

OR:

"At summertide when the leaves shoot out,  
And birdes are singing merrily," etc.

OR:

"When shales beene sheene and shradde full fayre,  
And leaves both large and longe,  
It's merrye walking in the fayre forrest,  
To hear the small birde's songe.

"The wood-wete sang and wold not cease,  
Sitting upon the spraye;  
So lowde he wakened Robin Hood  
In the greenwood where he lay," etc.

Tragical events occur mostly

———about the Martinmas,  
When the greene leaves are a falling;"

OR:

———"about the Martinmas,  
When the wind blew shrill and cauld;"

OR:

"about Zule, quhen the wind blew cule."

Who does not know the susceptibility of the British for climatic influences, which drives them away from their beloved and revered land to more southern regions? Who ever travelled in England without admiring the garden-like, picturesque appearance of that country, and did not feel convinced, from the sight of many a miserable cottage in a bed of the richest flowers, that a feeling for the beauty of nature must be common to all classes of society? The reference to picturesque scenery, which in Germany has generally been taken in choosing the sites of castles and convents,—not unfrequently with a total sacrifice of convenience,—is a strong testimony of the feeling for the beauties of nature, which existed there during the middle ages; and the readiness with which the smallest and poorest cities have in modern times metamorphosed their trenches and bulwarks into tasteful public parks and promenades, seems to prove that this feeling is still alive. How desirable would it be to cultivate this propensity (if it exists) in our own country; a region so richly endowed, so abundantly blessed by nature! Our Bryants, our Danaes, our Willises, have proved that the feeling exists in the breast of the American poet. Will not the time soon come, when it shall be spread through the heart of the nation?

TALVL

*A Treatise on Trigonometry, Plane and Spherical, with its Application to Navigation and Surveying, Nautical and Practical Astronomy and Geography.* With Logarithmic, Trigonometrical, and Nautical Tables. By Rev. C. W. Hackley, S.T.D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Columbia College. Putnam.—The title of Prof. Hackley's Trigonometry shows the work to be an encyclopædia—and a most valuable one—of all that pertains to its important subject. It takes up the solution of triangles in its most elementary form, solving a simple problem by construction (as strictly legitimate as calculation, though too often omitted, thereby exposing the tyro to confound the principles of the science with its logarithmic details of practice), and then introducing the circular functions. The explanations of these are exceedingly full and clear, and err, if at all, on this side; but this is a peculiarity which no young student will consider to be a fault. The ordinary developments follow, the more difficult formulæ being reserved for an appendix. A most valuable feature is the immediate application of the various results to their most important uses, especially those of astronomy. In most college courses, these two subjects are separated by a year or two of other studies, and when the student is about to commence the latter, he has too often forgotten the former, its indispensable adjunct. The arrangement of this course obviates this difficulty. The numerous examples, worked out by the author, must be of great service in this department. The geodetic formulæ are especially valuable, for we here find brought into a small compass, and endorsed by an admirable coast survey, many excellent methods, previously scattered over a great number of works of difficult access, and requiring to be still further modified by the intelligent engineer. The section on surveying in general gives a very good outline of its chief operations, but is too brief and general to be of much practical use.

*Crumbs from the Land of Cakes*, by John Knox. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.—A memorial of a brief tour of the last season per Cunarder and City of Glasgow, of a Scotchman to the land of his birth, with a chapter or two on London, Paris, &c. John Knox is an intelligent observer, and has kept his book within the compass of his material—so that he gets over a hackneyed theme in an interesting way. The *amor patriæ* identifies the country of the author as much as his indubitable surname. We take from his note book an

#### EPITAPH IN MELROSE CHURCHYARD.

"The earth goeth on the earth,  
Glistening like gold,  
The earth goeth to the earth,  
Sooner than it wold,  
The earth bulideth on the earth  
Castles and towers,  
The earth sayeth to the earth  
All things are ours."

*Memoranda of the Life of Jenny Lind*, by N. Parker Willis. Philadelphia: R. E. Peterson.—This is not a grave and original biography of the "Nightingale," but a gossiping miscellany from newspaper sources of the floating small talk, criticism, anecdote, &c., which have borne probably more than their proportionate part with Jenny Lind's merits, in making that lady's present position in America. As such, Mr. Willis's Memoranda are a curious picture of the times. His own pen humors the folly of the day, which is after all not so much a folly as some censors may imagine—as the whole town the other evening felt when the rumor was about of the lady's supposed loss in the storm. The anecdotes of her virtues and vocalization were not forgotten then.

*Genevieve*, by Lamartine. Bangs & Brother.—The neatest edition of this popular work now in the market—one of Bohn's series of cheap publications, with no sacrifice, however, of legible type or good paper.

*A Guide to the Scientific Knowledge of Things Familiar*. By Rev. Dr. Brewer, Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Carefully Revised. Francis & Co.—The subjects of this volume are heat and air, the phenomena of which are explained in direct and simple terms by questions and answers, with especial reference to their ordinary exhibition in household and everyday matters. It is a good family book, recommendable, by the way, to parents, as a solution of some ten thousand scientific questions regarding smoke, tea kettles, and the like, with which children are very apt to pose their fathers and mothers. The original edition has met with great success in England.

*Martin's British Colonies*, Part 26, following up Australia, and Parts 21 and 22 of *Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call*, are new numbers of Messrs. Talis's serials, the latter sustaining the character of the editor in its continuous novel and the essay pages, full of good feeling.

*The Ladies' Companion* for November, received by Putnam, continues Miss Jewsbury's "Sorrows of Gentility," its series of popular and instructive sketches of society, art, &c., with its encyclopædia of gardening, crochet, and other femalities. The literature proper and the illustrations of this work are of a superior character. We commend it to the support of our readers.

*Littell's Living Age* enters with the New Year on its 27th volume, opening with a welcome article from the British Quarterly on the Life of Neander, a paper on La Rochefoucauld, the resumption of Maurice Tiernay, &c. The reader gets a very fair slice of the best literature of the day in Mr. Littell's skilfully edited periodical, which is, moreover, in amount of reading, equal, on the score of cheapness, to any of its competitors in the field.

#### CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ

OF BOOKS NOT REPRINTED HERE.

(Prepared from the Best Authorities.)

*Schlosser's History of the Eighteenth Century till the Overthrow of the French Empire, with particular reference to Mental Cultivation and Progress*. Translated by D. Davidson, M.A. Vol. VII. London: Chapman and Hall.—There is an enormous mass of information in this volume, which gives the history of all the European nations during the eventful years between Bonaparte's first command in Italy, and the peace of Schönbrunn. We have many French and many English histories of Europe during the war of the Revolution. It is well to have the opportunity of comparing a German one. The English reader of Schlosser will find abundant proof of one great truth at least. He will trace in every chapter, marks of the excessive jealousy and dislike with



which the nations of the Continent regard England. We are apt to think that prejudiced hatred of this country is the peculiar characteristic of Frenchmen. But the fact is, that our quondam allies dislike us even more than we are disliked by our quondam foes. Our wealth and prosperity inspire envy. Our power used to inspire awe; but it may be doubted how far this is the case at present among the foreign statesmen, who watch with no little delight our sordid retrenchments in our military and naval defences. But, whether envied and feared, or not, England certainly is not loved. There does not exist the nation in Europe or in America which would not hear of our humiliation with pleasure, and which, if we were ruined, would not cheerfully share in the spoil.

The recollection of Sir Francis Head's book, and the perusal of Schlosser's present volume, have led to these reflections. We have seldom seen a work displaying malevolence to England more vehemently than does this *chef d'œuvre* of one of Germany's greatest and most popular writers. The English "Plutocrats," as he calls us, are, according to him, the authors of evil all over the globe. Even the silliest calumnies of the war time are raked up, and brought forward as historic facts against England. Schlosser perpetually insinuates, and sometimes asserts, that the English Government was privy to the schemes of the French malecontents for assassinating Bonaparte. When Bonaparte himself hinted to Fox, during the latter's visit to Paris at the Peace of Amiens, a similar suspicion, Fox's blunt answer to the First Consul was, "Clear your head of all that nonsense." We should like to give the same advice to Herr Schlosser, but we know that cloudy nonsense is never to be dispelled from a Teutonic brain. Some of the best parts of this work are those which describe the system of government followed by Napoleon in France, and the gradations by which he changed his position from that of First Magistrate of a Republic to that of Autocrat of an Empire. These topics have a peculiar importance now that we are watching the career and schemes of his nephew. Nor is the Court-scandal which Schlosser embodies in his graver discussions, by any means uninteresting.—(*London "Weekly News."*)

*Makamat; or, Rhetorical Anecdotes of Al Hariri of Basra.* Translated from the original Arabic, with Annotations by Theodore Preston, M.A. Madden. Parker. Deighton. Who would dare to speak disparagingly of the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*? The most delightful remembrances and associations of youth would rise up to rebuke them if they did. It is, however, the old inaccurate, Europeanized translation that is pleasant in our memory. What is really valuable in sentiment, imagination, or incident of the original, has been sufficiently preserved in that version, and the reader is not scared by a pedantic affectation of orientalism. The more exact and learned translations of later days may have retained more of local coloring, may convey a more precise idea of the text, but they are by no means such agreeable reading. The new modes of spelling, the incessant recurrence of oriental tautologies, are none the more pleasing because they are precisely what is used in the East.

In short we are heretics enough to think the new translations of the *Arabian Nights* greatly inferior to the old. The translators have been so intent upon making them useful that they have allowed the spirit of the beautiful to evaporate. Their usefulness as illustrative of Moslem habits of thought and action we are neither disposed nor able to deny. At the same time we must say that their importance even in this point of view has been much exaggerated.

The *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* belong to the literature of the coffee-room, the opium shop, or the sly wine shop. They present us with what pleases a certain class of Eastern society, and that by no means always the most respectable. As we find them in the original, and in more recent translations, they offer a picture of life of

which the admirers of the old version had no conception. This freedom of tone and manner is not, however, characteristic of all Moslem, or even of all town Arabian life. The *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, as presented to us in the careful and laborious work of Mr. Lane, can no more be taken as a fair index of the social morals of the Arabians, now or at any time, than could the romances of the good Queen of Navarre be taken as a gauge of European social morals. They are lively portraits of one phase of Eastern existence, but local, and confined to a certain period. They are listened to with more or less pleasure throughout the Moslem world, but they do not represent that world fairly.

The *Makamat of Al Hariri* presents a less highly flavored, but a more healthy department of Arabic literature, and introduces us to a more respectable circle of Arabian acquaintances. The rhetorical anecdotes of *Al Hariri* are addressed to Moslemah of more cultivated minds and more regular habits than those whom the authors of the *Thousand and One Nights* sought to please. When reading the *Makamat* we can imagine ourselves conversing with the respectable officials, burgesses well to do in the world, divines and literati of Arabian towns; exactly as when reading the *Thousand and One Nights*, we can imagine ourselves conversing with the notorious scapegraces who were in the days of Haroun Al Raschid what English tavern wits were in the days of Charles II.

We will not take upon us to deny that the wild wits are the cleverer of the two. In respect of simple beauty or majesty, the rhetoricians of the East are inferior both to the classical and modern European schools. In respect of manly sense or judgment, their moralists are still more inferior. Yet there is a fund of naïve, simple, earnest truthfulness about them, which has a charm of its own, and renders them well worthy of being studied. Probably *Al Hariri* is as favorable a specimen of his class as could have been selected for introduction to the English public.—(*Examiner.*)

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

A SEQUEL to Mr. Kimball's "St. Leger Papers" commences with the current number of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*.

The "Salamander and the Dragon" is the title of a new production from the pen of the Rev. F. W. Shelton, of Huntington, L. I.

We hear of a new serial publication, on which the best authors and artists are to be employed. Mr. Darley will contribute illustrations. Washington Irving, Bryant, Cooper, and Longfellow, are among the contributors.

Miss Diana Maria Mulock is said to be the author of the excellent new novel just republished by the Harpers, entitled *Olive*.

"Two Managers," says the Leader, "if Gossip Report be not a liar, are to publish rival editions of Shakspeare, and these Managers are Charles Kean and Samuel Phelps. We have always regretted that no dramatist should have edited Shakspeare; because, while so much has been done by scholars for the elucidation of his text, so much remains to do for the proper elucidation of his dramatic art. And not a little may be done by actors in the elucidation of his *theatric* art. Whether the new editors have thought of thus applying their experience is yet to be seen; meanwhile the announcement piques curiosity."

"Curiosity will be no less piqued by the announcement of Emile Girardin's new work, *L'Abolition de la Misère*: to abolish poverty altogether is the philosopher's stone of the nineteenth century. Girardin's alchemical claims we will report on when the book appears. Meanwhile, let a passing indication be made of a new work by the Spanish priest Jaime Balmes, who rose into celebrity in 1840, and perished prematurely in 1848. The name will be familiar to Englishmen from the advertisements of his work on Catholicism and Protestantism recently translated. The book now

under notice is two small volumes, *Escritos Postumos, Poesias Postumas*, wherein essays on politics and literature are mingled with poems and geometrical researches."

Of recent works of French Archaeology, the *Fine Arts*, M. Baillié, 169 Fulton street, has received the fourteen parts thus far published, of the Scientific Exploration of Algeria of 1840-2, published by order of the government, with the co-operation of a commission of the Academy, embracing the department of Archaeology by M. Delamare; 183 plates are given of ruins, inscriptions, &c., in different portions of the province—executed in the style of the French national publications.

We also noticed at M. Baillié's the two works of M. Félix Lajard, *Recherches sur le Culte, les Symboles, les Attributs et les Monuments Figurés de Vénus en orient et en occident*, with a corresponding work on the Public Worship and Mysteries of Mithra. These are in a series of folio plates, the text in quarto. The superbly engraved steel plates of the latter contain representations of upwards of 800 monuments.

Mr. John Knox, in his book of travels noticed in another column, pays a visit to Paternoster Row, where he bags a few items of the book-trade:—"In a busy season, one of the members of Longman's firm told me, it was no unusual thing for them to receive *three hundred* letters in a day. Some of the publishing concerns pay enormous sums for advertising. One bookseller showed me an advertisement in the Times, which, for one insertion, cost him five hundred dollars—and all this for one book—Scott's Commentary. For advertising this work alone, he informed me, he had paid within a few weeks two thousand five hundred dollars. Being introduced to Mr. Jones, the Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, I was taken through their establishment. This Society has been instrumental in circulating an immense number of religious books; such as for instance of Old Humphrey's Walks in London, sixty thousand; Janeway's Token for Children, eighty-six thousand; of the Annals of the Poor, one hundred thousand; of Bogatzky's Golden Treasury, one hundred and ten thousand; and of James's Anxious Enquirer, three hundred and fifty thousand. Upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand copies of this latter work have been printed from one set of stereotype casts, and they showed me a copy of the last impression, which, they say, has but one letter in it injured."

Mr. Calhoun's posthumous work on the "National Constitution," recommended to be purchased by the State in the Message of the Governor of South Carolina, will make an octavo volume of 450 pages, and be made up of an elementary treatise on government, and an elaborate disquisition on the Constitution.

A correspondent of the *Christian Chronicle*, Philadelphia, thus writes of Professor Reed's Historical Lectures in that city:—"We hardly know how to account for it—yet the fact is undoubted—that there is a kind of *tragic* interest attached to all that comes from Prof. Reed's pen, when delineating English History. True, it is the narration of sad deeds, from the hour in which the iron-handed Cæsar, with his hardy legions, struggled with the rude Briton amid the surf of his sea-girt isle, down to the tumultuous times of the Protectorate. And the whirlwind career of the Norman Conqueror over the desolated homes of Harold's England, together with that noble Saxon's sad fate, is certainly not the least tragic in England's eventful history. Yet this cannot sufficiently account for the fascination that clings to the Lecturer's words; for we have listened to others who have discoursed upon the same themes—with the very same heroic and sad sufferings to depict—and have felt no such glow of admiration for the Saxon, or such unmitigated hatred for the relentless destroyer of the last of the Saxon kings. We think the secret lies in the fact that he has studied the history of the past with a docile, not a dogmatic spirit; and that he has seen and scrutinized the workings of its *inner* as well as of its

outer life. Prof. R.'s familiar acquaintance, too, with English literature in general, has given him a vantage ground held but by few. Like the great Poet Laureate, Prof. R. seeks, and we think above many of his compeers, finds 'good in everything.' Therefore, around the simplest as well as the noblest theme, there clings the drapery of beauty. The—legend we had almost said—history of that remarkable deed of Godiva, was most beautifully handled. The philosophic historian has disposed of it, heroic as it is beyond many a long detailed action, with but few words; while the poet-historian, Tennyson, has embalmed it for ever in his noble verses. The entire poem was read by the lecturer, and a thrill of holy admiration vibrated through the soul of every hearer, as the last musical line told of the accomplishment of the noble act. We were pleased with the views of Prof. R. concerning that magnificent historical romance of Bulwer Lytton's, 'Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings,' and the truthfulness of its delineations. We have often thought that it contains a truer and more life-like picture of the closing age of the Saxon kings, than is to be met with anywhere else. The sad burial of the high-hearted Harold; the challenged right to sepulture of the stern conqueror William; and the mysterious and lonely death of Rufus, in the silent forest, were finely drawn, and in keeping with that shade of intense sorrow which formed the background of this entire lecture."

Mr. F. Marryatt, only surviving son of Capt. Marryatt, and author of "Sketches of Borneo," was at a recent date in California, with a view, says the *Illustrated News*, to the publication of the experiences of his enterprise.

The impression that the series of popular papers, "How to make Home Unhealthy," is written by Miss Martineau, to whom they have been generally attributed in this country, is said by the *Athenaeum* to be incorrect.

Beranger, we see it stated, is seriously ill.

The subscriptions for a monument to Lord Jeffrey amount to £2,200. It has been decided to devote it to a statue.

The London correspondent of the *Cour. & Eng.* writing of the death of Mrs. Bell Martin in this city, says:—"She was known throughout the Kingdom as the 'Irish Heiress,' born to a noble inheritance, which extended over a territory exceeding that of many a reigning German prince. Five years ago her expectancy was a clear yearly income of £5,000. It is scarcely three years since she found herself beggared and ruined. Her patrimonial estate, the famous 'Connemara Acres,' was brought into the Encumbered Estates Court, and advertised for sale; and she, without a shilling in the world, and near the period of her confinement, was obliged to seek her bread in the new world. Never was such a hard fate less deserved. She was ruined by the failure of the potatoe crop, and the famine and desolation which followed in its train; and she who had been the friend, almoner, schoolmistress, doctress, and instructor of a people of her own, over whom she reigned like a native sovereign in that wild district, had no friend save those who were too poor to help her in her adversity. She had so devoted herself to the poor, that she was in a manner cut off from association with those of her own station; and then, after enduring all the perils and discomforts of a sea voyage, she died in a strange country, amid those who could care little for her, and to whom her history was, probably, in a great degree unknown. Certainly, however, the case is one of the facts of which our countrymen ought not to be ignorant, nor to be left quite uninformed of the virtues of the lady who has thus suddenly ended her days among them."

Another once very conspicuous personage, says the London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*, who has just been suffered to drop into the grave with a mere line announcing his exit, is Sir Lumley Skeffington. He was almost the last of the roués of Carlton-house, being the glass of fashion in which the Regent dressed himself both before and after Brummel's time. Sir Lumley was the

D'Orsay of the past age—the crack man about town, and his name was a sort of public property at Tattersall's, Almack's, the theatres, wherever men or women congregated. Many of his dramatic pieces had great popularity, and his taste in theatricals and clothes (he was a prime patron of the garment called "Spencers") was thus ridiculed in the *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, published forty years ago, viz:

"Shall sapient managers new scenes produce  
From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother Goose?  
In grim array third Lewis' speires rise,  
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.  
And sure great Skeffington must claim our praise,  
For skittish coats and skeletons of plays  
Renowned alike; whose genius ne'er confines  
Her flights to gaudy Greenwood's gay designs;  
Nor sleep with 'Sleeping Beauties,' but, anon,  
In five facetious acts comes thundering on."

The five-act affair to which Byron here alludes is "Maid and Bachelors," the best known thing of Skeffington's next to the "Sleeping Beauty," both of which pieces still keep the stage. Greenwood, above referred to, was a scene-painter at Drury-lane, and as such, as the noble satirist says, the author is much indebted to him.

The poet of the universe, says an English journal, will not be forgotten at the great competitive Exposition next year in Hyde-park. Shakspeare will doubtless be represented to us in Parian marble, ivory, plaster, china, and innumerable other materials in which the bust is portrayed; but the most interesting memorial of the Swan of Avon will be an accurate model of his birthplace, which is in course of construction by an artist of considerable talent in this description of work, Mr. John Powell, of Trentham. The representation will not be confined to mere external developments, but the model is to be so contrived that a view may be had of the interior, showing the "birthroom," and its antiquated furniture. Mr. Powell has just executed a model of the house, which passed through Liverpool a few days ago on its way to America. It occupied a surface of nearly three feet square, and was the most perfect artistic imitation of that which, from its age and timeworn aspect, may be called "nature," we have ever looked upon. The marvellous fidelity with which every part of the building is depicted is truly astonishing. Nothing has escaped the artist's observation, not a crack on the pavement nor a pencilling on the wall. There was one remarkable feature to which our attention was directed as an instance of minute workmanship, and the pains taken to make the model accurate in every respect. In the original the glass in the window has in many places been pieced with lead, indicating the expense of the transparent material at the time, and this peculiarity has been adhered to. The model to be sent to the Exhibition will, we believe, in every respect resemble the one we have described.

The *Examiner* contains the following obituary notice of the late Lord Nugent, author of the *Life of Hampden*:—"He was the second son of the first Marquis of Buckingham. His elder brother was created duke in 1822. But as he drew his title, he seems also to have derived his more marked traits of character from his mother's family. His maternal grandfather was Goldsmith's friend, Lord Clare. His mother in her childhood was Goldsmith's playfellow, and one of her harmless practical jokes is given to *Tony Lumpkin*. Thus Lord Nugent's inheritance included something higher than mere rank. He inherited a genial nature, as well as cordial tastes, and most respectable talents for literature. For Lord Clare, whose reported portliness of person had also descended to his grandson, was a writer not at all of mean mark, and there are lines in his Ode to Pulteney which Akenside or Pope might have written. Lord Nugent's *Life of Hampden* is a careful and spirited piece of biography, with the defect of attempting to prove Hampden something more of a 'constitutional' patriot than he really was. This was an error of which he had become sensible, and would have removed if he had lived to complete

his intention of publishing a cheaper edition of the book. The same period of history suggested to him an imaginary interview between Hampden and Oliver Cromwell, assumed to have been overheard and reported by an Independent divine, which he published anonymously not many years ago, and imposed for a time on his relative, Mr. Thomas Grenville, no indifferent judge of such matters, as a genuine piece of Commonwealth literature. He was also the writer of a lively and entertaining book of Eastern travel; and of several detached imaginative pieces, which, with additions from Lady Nugent (a variously accomplished as well as beautiful woman, whose charms have been perpetuated by Lawrence and Chantrey), were collected into two volumes, with a title taken from his house near Aylesbury. There were few more active pamphleteers than Lord Nugent. To the great questions of the last half century, Parliamentary Reform, the Catholic Question, and Law Reform, he contributed a series of telling and timely pamphlets, which never failed of their object of exciting discussion, and so far promoting the interests he had at heart."

#### ABUSE OF THE GRAVE.

MR. EDITOR: For one, representing many, I thank you for the article in your last number, entitled "Tickets for Greenwood." It gives utterance to a general sentiment of disgust and abhorrence which, it is to be hoped, may lead to the correction of the abuses against which it is so vigorously aimed. In confirmation of the audacity of the "undertaking" spirit, there are two or three other freedoms with the grave which have come under my observation. I have seen coffins hustled upon the walk like packing boxes. I have seen, I must believe, in a spirit of low satire, Family Pills for sale at an undertaker's shop and exposed in the window, lying on the lid of a coffin. I have seen a coffin exhibited in front of a shop, like an old stove or second hand desk, marked in chalk, "for sale, cheap, for cash." And, lastly, for the present, I have seen churches without number, placarded with sextons' gilt boards, announcing name and place of business, in grossly offensive capitals. The last abuse to come will be to convert the church itself into an auction mart, and offer from the pulpit, under the hammer, all the decorums and appointments of the grave to the highest bidder. We shall then have caskets and grave-clothes, plates and death-bands, made up expressly for auction sale, and trade will have achieved his last triumph over the dead. Yours, truly,

MORTUARY.

Brooklyn, Christmas Day, 1850.

#### "THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS."

There's beauty on the summer leas,  
Among the shimmering grass,  
And in the hazy Autumn time  
When whispering zephyrs pass.

And everything is beautiful  
In light of glancing leaves,  
And when the hoary Winter comes  
To bind his shrunken sheaves.

But fairest is a truthful heart,  
There holy shines;  
There the Shekinah loves to dwell,  
And Sharon's roses twines.

There gleamed such love-light on a brow  
A few brief summers old,  
And brighter grew its heavenly seal  
As life waxed dim and cold.

A sweet young lily, not half-blown,  
A dove by Jesus tended:  
In rain the flower-leaves folded up,—  
The pure white wings ascended.

They watched them by a fading hearth,  
Dreadfully strewn with ashes,  
Till the cloud vanished in a light  
Sent from their silvery flashes.



Those watchers' hearts, with summery thoughts,  
Grew warm, though snow was round them;  
Those gleams of heaven,—like shining robes  
Made glad the souls that found them.

EMILY HERRMANN.

THE LADDER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.  
BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

SAINT AUGUSTINE! well hast thou said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end;  
Our pleasures and our discontents  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire—the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less;  
The revel of the giddy wine,  
And all occasions of excess!

The longing for ignoble things,  
The strife for triumph more than truth,  
The hardening of the heart, that brings  
Irreverence for the dreams of youth!

All thoughts of ill—all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of ill,  
Whatever hinders or impedes,  
The action of the nobler will!

All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright field of Fair Renown  
The right of eminent domain!

We have not wings—we cannot soar—  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees—by more and more—  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The mighty pyramids of stone  
That wedge-like cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

The distant mountains, that uprear  
Their frowning foreheads to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.

The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,  
As wholly wasted—wholly vain—  
If rising on its wrecks, at last,  
To something nobler we attain.

(*Graham's Magazine for January.*)

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS

[From the New Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.]

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,  
Feeling, thinking, seeing,—  
Love me in the lightest part,  
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth  
In its frank surrender;  
With the vowing of thy mouth,  
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,  
Made for earnest granting!  
Taking color from the skies,  
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall  
Snow-like at first meeting;  
Love me with thine heart, that all  
The neighbors then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out  
Freely—open minded:  
Love me with thy loitering foot,—  
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns  
Sudden faint above me;  
Love me with thy blush that burns  
When I murmur "Love me!"

Love me with thy thinking soul—  
Break it to love-sighing;  
Love me with thy thoughts that roll  
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,  
When the world has crowned thee!  
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,  
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,  
Up the woodlands shady:  
Love me gaily, fast, and true,  
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,  
Further off or nigher,  
Love me for the house and grave,—  
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
I will love thee—half-a-year—  
As a man is able.

STANZAS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

WHAT time I wasted youthful hours,  
One of the shining winged powers  
Showed me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.

As towards that gracious light I bowed,  
They seemed high palaces and proud,  
Hid now and then with sliding cloud.

He said, "The labor is not small;  
Yet winds the pathway free to all:—  
Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

(*Keepsake*, 1851.)

THE BULL-FIGHT.

OR, THE STORY OF DON ALPHONSO DE MELOS AND THE  
JEWELLER'S DAUGHTER.

[By Leigh Hunt, from the first number of his new *Weekly Periodical*.]

DON ALPHONSO DE MELOS, a young gentleman of some five-and-twenty years of age, was the son of one of those titulados of Castile, more proud than rich, of whom it was maliciously said, that "before they were made lords, they didn't dine; and after they were made lords, they didn't sup." He was, however, a very good kind of man, not too poor to give his sons good educations; and of his second son, Alphonso, the richest grandee might have been proud; for a better or pleasanter youth, or one of greater good sense, conventionalism apart, had never ventured his life in a bull-fight, which he had done half a dozen times. He was, moreover, a very pretty singer; and it was even said, that he not only composed the music for his serenades, but that he wrote verses for them equal to those of Garcilaso. So, at least, thought the young lady to whom they were sent, and who used to devour them with her eyes, till her very breath failed her, and she could not speak for delight.

Poor, loving Lucinda! We call her poor, though she was at that minute one of the richest as well as happiest maidens in Madrid; and we speak of her as a young lady, for such she was in breeding and manners, and as such the very grandees treated her, as far as they could, though she was only the daughter of a famous jeweller, who had supplied half the great people with carcanets and rings. Her father was dead: her mother too; she was under the care of guardians; but Alphonso de Melos had loved her more than a year; had loved her with a real love, even though he wanted her money; would, in fact, have thrown her money to the dogs, rather than have ceased to love her; such a treasure he had found in the very

fact of his passion. Their marriage was to take place within the month; and as the lady was so rich, and the lover, however noble otherwise, was only of the lowest or least privileged order of nobility (a class who had the misfortune of not being able to wear their hats in the king's presence, unless his majesty expressly desired it), the loftiest grandees, who would have been but too happy to marry the lovely heiress had her father been anything but a merchant, thought that the match was not only pardonable in the young gentleman, but in a sort of way noticeable, and even in some measure to be smilingly winked at and encouraged; nay, perhaps, envied; especially as the future husband was generous, and had a turn for making presents, and for sitting at the head of a festive table. Suddenly, therefore, appeared some of the finest emeralds and sapphires in the world upon the fingers of counts and marquises, whose jewels had hitherto been of doubtful value: and no little sensation was made, on the gravest and most dignified of the old nobility, by a certain grandee, remarkable for his sense of the proprieties, who had discovered "serious reasons for thinking" that the supposed jeweller's offspring was a natural daughter of a late prince of the blood.

Be this as it may, Don Alphonso presented himself one morning, as usual, before his mistress, and after an interchange of transports, such as may be imagined between two such lovers, about to be joined for ever, informed her, that only one thing more was now remaining to be done, and then—in the course of three mornings—they would be living in the same house.

"And what is that?" said Lucinda, the tears rushing into her eyes for excess of adoring happiness.

"Only the bull-fight," said the lover, affecting as much indifference as he could affect in anything when speaking with his eyes on hers. But he could not speak it in quite the tone he wished.

"The bull-fight!" scarcely ejaculated his mistress, turning pale. "Oh, Alphonso! you have fought and conquered in a dozen; and you will not quit me, now that we can be so often together? Besides—" And here her breath began already to fail her.

But Alphonso showed her, or tried to show her, how he must inevitably attend the bull-fight. Honor demanded it; custom; everything that was expected of him; his mistress herself, who would otherwise despise him.

His mistress fainted away. She fell, a death-like burden, into his arms.

When she came to herself, she wept, entreated, implored, tried even with pathetic gaiety to rally and be pleasant; then again wept; then argued, and for the first time in her life was a logician, pressing his hand, and saying, with a sudden force of conviction, "But hear me;" then begged again, then kissed him like a bride, reposed on him like a wife, did everything that was becoming and beautiful, and said everything but an angry word; nay, would have dared, perhaps, to pretend to say even that, had she thought of it; but she was not of an angry kind, or of any kind but the loving, and how was the thought to enter her head? Entire love is a worship, and cannot be angry.

The heart of the lover openly and fondly sympathized with that of his poor mistress; and secretly, it felt even more than it showed. Not that Don Alphonso feared for consequences, though he had not been without pangs and thoughts of possibilities, even in regard to those; for, to say nothing of the danger of the

sport in ordinary, the chief reason of his being unpersuadable in the present instance was a report that the animals to be encountered were of more than ordinary ferocity; so that the cavaleros who were expected to be foremost in the lists in general, now felt themselves to be particularly called on to make their appearance, at the hazard of an alternative too dreadful for the greatest valor to risk.

The final argument which he used with his mistress was, the very excess of that love, and the very position in which it stood at that bridal moment, to which he in vain appealed. He showed how it had ever and irremediably been the custom to estimate the fighter's love by the measure of his courage; the more "apparent" the risk (for he pretended to laugh at any real danger), the greater the evidence of passion and the honor done to the lady; and so, after many more words and tears, the honor was to be done accordingly, grievously against her will, and custom triumphed. Custom! That "little thing," as the people called it to the philosopher. "That great and terrible thing," as the philosopher justly thought it. To show how secure he was, and how securer still it would render him, he made her promise to be there; and she required very little asking, for a thought came into her head which made her pray with secret and sudden earnestness to the Virgin; and the same thought enabled her to give him final looks, not only of resigned lovingness, but of a sort of cheered composure; for, now that she saw that there was no remedy, she would not make the worst of his resolve, and so they parted.

How differently from when they met! and how dreadfully to be again brought together!

The day has arrived; the great square has been duly set out; the sand, to receive the blood, is spread over it; the barricades and balconies (the boxes) are all right; the king and his nobles are there; Don Alphonso and his Lucinda are there also; he, in his place in the square on horseback, with his attendants behind him, and the door out of which the bull is to come in front; she, where he will behold her before long, though not in the box to which he has been raising his eyes. All the gentlemen who are to fight the bulls, each in his turn, and who, like Alphonso, are dressed in black, with plumes of white feathers on their heads, and scarfs of different colors round the body, have ridden round the lists a quarter of an hour ago, to salute the ladies of their acquaintance, and all is still and waiting; the whole scene is gorgeous with tapestries, and gold, and jewels. It is a theatre in which pomp and pleasure are sitting in a thousand human shapes to behold a cruel spectacle.

The trumpets sound; crashes of other music succeed; the door of the stable opens, and the noble creature, the bull, makes his appearance, standing still awhile, and looking as it were with a confused composure before him. Sometimes when the animal first comes forth, it rushes after the horseman who has opened the door, and who has rushed away from the mood in which it has shown itself. But the bull on this occasion was one that, from the very perfection of his strength, awaited provoking. He soon has it. Light, agile footmen, who are there on purpose, vex him with darts and arrows garnished with paper set on fire. He begins by pursuing them hither and thither, they escaping by all the arts of cloaks and hats thrown on the ground, and deceiving figures of pasteboard. Soon he is irritated extremely: he stoops his sullen head to toss; he raises it, with his eyes on fire, to kick and trample; he bellows, he rages, he grows mad. His breath gathers like

a thick mist about him. He gallops, amidst cries of men and women, frantically around the square, like a racer, following and followed by his tormentors; he tears the horses with his horns; he disembowels them; he tosses the howling dogs that are let loose on him; he leaps and shivers in the air like a very stag or goat. His huge body is nothing to him in the rage and might of his agony.

For Alphonso, who had purposely got in his way to shorten his Lucinda's misery (knowing her surely to be there, though he has never seen her), has gashed the bull across the eyes with his sword, and pierced him twice with the javelins furnished him by his attendants. Half blinded by the blood, and yet rushing at him, it would seem, with sure and final aim of his dreadful head, the creature is just upon him, when a blow from a negro who is helping one of the pages, turns him distractedly in that new direction, and he strikes down, not the negro, but the youthful, and in truth wholly frightened and helpless page. The page, in falling, loses his cap, from which there flows a profusion of woman's hair, and Alphonso knows it on the instant. He leaps off his horse, and would have shrieked, would have roared out with horror; but something which seemed to wrench and twist round his very being within him, prevented it, and in a sort of stifled and meek voice, he could only sobbingly articulate the word "Lucinda!" But in an instant he rose out of that self-pity into phrensy; he hacked wildly at the bull, which was now spinning as wildly round; and though the assembly rose, crying out, and the king bade the brute be despatched, which was done by a thrust in the spine by those who knew the trick (ah! why did they not do it before?) the poor youth has fallen, not far from his Lucinda, gored alike with herself to death, though neither of them yet expiring.

As recovery was pronounced hopeless, and the deaths of the lovers close at hand, they were both carried into the nearest house, and laid, as the nature of the place required, on the same bed. And, indeed, as it turned out, nothing could be more fitting. Great and sorrowful was the throng in the room: some of the greatest nobles were there, and a sorrowing message was brought from the king. Had the lovers been princes their poor insensible faces could not have been watched with greater pity and respect.

At length they opened their eyes, one after the other, to wonder—to suffer—to discover each other where they lay—and to weep from abundance of wretchedness, and from the difficulty of speaking. They attempted to make a movement towards each other, but could not even raise an arm. Lucinda tried to speak, but could only sigh and attempt to smile. Don Alphonso said at last, half sobbing, looking with his languid eyes on her kind and patient face—"She does not reproach me, even now."

They both wept afresh at this, but his mistress looked at him with such unutterable love and fondness, making, at the same time, some little ineffectual movements of her hand, that the good old Duke de Linares said, "She wishes to put her arm around him; and he too—see—his arm over her." Tenderly, and with the softest caution, were their arms put accordingly; and then, in spite of their anguish, the good duke said, "Marry them yet." And the priest opened his book, and as well as he could speak for sympathy, or they seem to answer to his words, he married them, and thus—in a few moments, from excess of mingled agony and joy, with their arms on one another, and

smiling as they shut their eyes—their spirits passed away, and they died.

## FINE ARTS.

### FINE ART PUBLICATIONS.

Few travellers visit Paris without going to see the Hotel Cluny, an old building in the Pays Latin, which, marvellously preserved through revolutions and improvements, has come down to our time a complete specimen of a mansion of some five centuries ago. It has been appropriated by the French Government as a Museum of Mediæval Art, and contains probably a wealthier collection of articles of that period than is to be found in any other place. It abounds in rich massive oak furniture, the originals of the patterns so much in vogue at the present time in wealthy mansions. Its walls are hung with tapestry or stamped leather. Its tables are loaded with the bijouterie, the tiring pins, wimples, and fardingales of fair dames, all of the olden time. A new serial work, "*Le Moyen Age*," now publishing by M. Baillière, in Fulton street, is among books what the Hotel Cluny is among the other "*Musees*" of Paris—a complete reproduction of a by-gone time. By the high point of excellence to which polychromatic printing has been carried, we have each object presented in the engravings in its exact original hues. The rich goldsmiths' work is reproduced in gold and silver; the steel chased coffers, the knightly armor, glisten in their original brilliancy; while the old oak carvings are given in their rich brown hues, and the numerous pages from illuminated MSS. as well as specimens of colored glass are bright with the varied hues of the rainbow. The work is published in 250 weekly parts, 183 of which are published. Each part contains eight pages of text, with wood cuts, and two plates the full size of the work, one printed in colors, the other plain. Among the subjects treated we may mention the Navy, with representations of old ships, &c., including a curious allegorical print of Columbus on his first voyage, a history of playing cards with colored fac similes. Armor, and the ordinary costume of different classes, beautifully illustrated by colored full length figures, colored glass and illuminated MSS. Early paintings, with two beautiful fac similes of works by Fra Angelico, the Jews in the Middle Ages, the Occult Sciences, and other articles in comprehensive catalogue phrase "too numerous to mention." The letter press is by the most distinguished savans of the day, including Thierry, Michelet, Philarette Chables, and others of equal note.

Another work for sale by M. Baillière "*L'Histoire des Peintres*," is the most perfect specimen of the excellence to which wood engraving has been carried, which has yet appeared. It is divided into parts, each containing eight quarto pages, beautifully printed and illustrated with some six or seven engravings. Each part is usually devoted to a single artist, containing his biography, criticisms on his works, a catalogue of his principal paintings, and the public or private collections in which they are to be found. A portrait of each artist is given, with a fac-simile of his signature. In the case of artists of great eminence the biographies sometimes extend to two or three parts.

The illustrations are in all cases selected from the artist's best works, and some of the finest paintings in the world have already been reproduced. Among these is a fine woodcut of the chef d'œuvre of Rembrandt, the *Night Watch*. In the illustrations of this painter the



effect of his etchings is admirably imitated on the block.

Van Ostade and Teniers are also included in the parts already published. One of the illustrations of the former painter drew the prize at a recent French Industrial Exposition for the best specimen of wood engraving.

Thus far in the publication of the work a greater space has been devoted to the French school than seems appropriate, but this is to be expected in a French publication. Among these artists we have Géricault with a fine representation of his terrible Wreck of the Medusa, in the Louvre, and in a less elevated sphere of art the grotesque caricatures by Chardin of the "Anglais à Paris," the swarm which filled the gay capital on the downfall of Napoleon.

We must not omit to commend the beautiful reproductions of the landscapes of Claude.

This work is sold here at the very low price of 25 cents a part, and the publication is so arranged as to be collected into volumes according to schools, so that the lover of art may turn to the engraving of a favorite picture as readily as to an article in his encyclopædia.

#### FINE ART GOSSIP.

The Boston *Traveller* describes a statue of "The Dying Indian Chief," just completed by Mr. Stephenson at Charlestown: The figure, of the size of life, represents a noble specimen of the North American Indian, who has received a death wound in his side, and has fallen upon his right knee, with his left leg projected forward, and resting on the foot. The head is bowed, and the agonies of death are expressively stamped upon the countenance. The right arm has fallen, almost powerless, the hand resting upon the ground, and just relaxing its grasp of the arrow which it has withdrawn from the deadly wound; while the remaining strength of the right arm is employed in preventing the reluctant fall of the proud but stricken Chief. The form and features are perfectly characteristic, and the whole presents a fine idea of the North American Indian. Anatomically speaking, the figure is formed with extraordinary accuracy and artistic skill. The muscles, the veins, the natural action of every limb and of every part of the body, in the positions into which they are thrown by the effect of the fatal wound, are marked with great perfection. The statue has been worked from a block of white marble from the new quarry lately opened in Vermont, which has been pronounced by eminent judges even superior to the best from Italy. It is to be sent to the London exhibition as a specimen of American art.

The Society of Artists and friends of Art incorporated last Winter under the name of the "New England Art-Union," have taken a room in Tremont Row, Boston, and their collection already embraces a number of meritorious works. The Gallery is open to the public. Subscribers are entitled to an Engraving and a chance of obtaining a prize at the annual distribution. The plan of the Society is somewhat different from that of other Art Unions; subscribers obtaining a prize have liberty to select from the Gallery or order a picture from a resident American artist, at their option.

MR. DOYLE, the best artist of *Punch*, denies that his secession from that popular periodical, in consequence of its decided course in the "No Popery" agitation, was taken at the instigation of his father confessor; it was "a sense of common propriety" that compelled him to resign the connexion. The *Tablet* says that Cardinal Wiseman has written, with his own hand, to the young artist, to thank him for this proof of his pious obedience.

MR. WYLD's fifty-six feet globe, which was spoken of for the Exhibition, it is now said is likely to be erected in Leicester square to the great relief of the Crystal Palace.

A purchaser of one of Etty's Sketches stretched on a frame, has found underneath the paper an oil painting, one of the artist's most finished portraits. It is said that Etty at times used his paintings in this way, and amateurs are on the look out for a lost portrait of Edwin Landseer which has mysteriously disappeared.

Galigiani states that the municipal council of Falaise have just revived a project long since started of erecting an equestrian statue to William the Conqueror, by means of subscriptions to be opened throughout all Normandy. This monument is to be composed of the colossal equestrian statue in bronze of the illustrious duke king, elevated on a rich pedestal of Roman architecture, ornamented with figures representing the six dukes of the ancient province.

The King of Bavaria has formed the gigantic design of causing to be executed a series of pictures on subjects derived from the annals of all times and all nations—the whole being destined to form a sort of pictorial universal chronology.

The sculptor Kalide at Berlin has just finished a statue of a Bacchante on a lion for the London exhibition.

Geyer and Guterbecke have just returned to Berlin from a ten years' tour through Europe and the East. The first brings his portfolios full of sketches from France, Italy, Sicily, Greece, Syria, Egypt, &c., and the latter has a rich variety of *genre* pictures from the same regions. They have established themselves for the present in Berlin.

Much has been said of the Art expenses of ex-King Louis of Bavaria, and a great deal of fault has always been found with him for his lavish expenditure upon the capital and its adornments, while the country suffered. But the Munich *Gazette* states that during the 23 years of his reign he spent only about 11,000,000 gulden—that is, some \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 in works of art. It was thus divided: Buildings 8,390,776 gulden; sculpture and painting, 1,465,391; glass coloring, 333,551; furniture, &c. 655,672, and et ceteras 753,150. The famous Walhalla cost 2,162,942; the royal palace, &c., 2,157,428.

In Milan the present exhibition of pictures comprises 428 Paintings and Sculptures, the work of 176 Artists, among whom are many Germans.

#### THE DRAMA.

**BROUGHAM'S LYCEUM.**—The new house of entertainment, in Broadway, near Broome street, opened last Monday evening, under the management of the proprietor, Mr. John Brougham, and the stage direction of Mr. Lynne, to a crowded audience. The house itself is of agreeable size and arrangement; well disposed in its space, easy of access, commanding a clear view of the performances from every part, and cheerfully embellished with lattice-work, lamps, painted ceiling, and a drop curtain view of a home scene on the Hudson. A clever trifle, entitled Brougham & Co., introduced the array of performers, who were successively received with a warm welcome, fairly discriminated as to the relative degree of favor each is accustomed to enjoy with New York audiences. When Mrs. Vernon, Miss Mary Taylor, Mrs. Brougham, Mr. Geo. Loder, Messrs. Brougham and Lynne, Mr. John Owens, Mr. Dunn, with Mr. Phillips and others to be found in the bill, are referred to, it may be easily understood that there was desert to warrant a hearty reception. The new face of Mrs. McGill; the well known presentment of Mr. George Loder, joining in from the head of the orchestra; Mr. Palmer enacting one of the audience from the Parquette; the new danseuse from Paris, Mlle. Lucy Barre, with the unusual gift (in a danseuse) of a lady-like and intelligent countenance; we have here ample

material both for a present and future of winter evenings' enjoyment. With activity and discretion the Lyceum cannot fail to be a prosperous enterprise. The general direction of the house, from the box-office, under Mr. Corbyn, was, as might have been readily guaranteed, everything that courtesy, promptitude, and mature experience could insure.

"MARRIED AN ACTRESS" (by J. M. Field, Esq.) has been the novelty at BURTON'S; a Five-act Comedy indicating cleverness, stage knowledge, and salient in many places, with unmistakable smartness and point. The plot is ingenious; many of the characters have strong capabilities of effect; the retired Butcher, with a new phase of drunkenness, capably rendered by Mr. Burton; the neat-featured Quakeress, by Mrs. Russell; the Actress, with great truth and feeling, by Miss Weston; the Boarding-house Keeper, a chilling daguerreotype, by Mrs. Hughes; and the Old Merchant, Chronic, by Mr. Blake. Mr. Johnston, one of the readiest performers at this house, labored with a part not sufficiently developed, though very effective in the idea. Altogether, the new Comedy is, in dialogue and character, one of the best, which, on our side of the water, has been furnished to the stage, and has the saving merit of a vein of originality in the selection of persons and situations which we have observed in all of Mr. Field's productions.

At the BROADWAY, one of the best dancers of the day, Mlle. Franek, although she has not secured audiences equal to her merit, has confirmed the impression she had originally made. The public do not seem disposed to render justice to the management for its good qualities, for we have, at that house, another illustration of popular or critical caprice, in the neglect of the sisters Gougenheim, who, in the after-pieces, have shown a grace, skill, and vivacity, which, at some moment of the shining of a happier star, would have led them on the high road to fame and fortune. Actresses, however, like revengeful gentlemen in melodramas, must, it would seem, "bide their time."

#### DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The Illustrated London News accompanies this notice of Mr. Macready's Richard II. with a characteristic engraving, representing the king's action in contemplating his face in the mirror, which succeeds that burst of passion—

"Oh, that I were a mockery king of snow,  
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,  
To melt myself away in water drops!"

"The great theatrical event of the week has been the production, on Monday, of Shakespeare's historical play of 'Richard the Second.' The least dramatic of Shakespeare's plays, it is one of the most poetic. Sentiment and diction are called in as substitutes for character and action. The scenes throughout want one element of tragedy—they are inspired with Pity, but not with Terror. The experiment is powerfully made, but serves only the more to establish the conclusion that Pity alone is insufficient to support an effective drama. Notwithstanding the delinquency of the hero, the passion of Pity was never more strongly excited. The sudden fall of the king from power to dependence is an incident so skilfully managed by the poet, that it smites and pierces the heart strongly and deeply. As acted by Macready it afflicted us with a distress poignant to the utmost point of endurance. If in this scene the poet was marvellous, the actor was admirable.

"Since the days of Edmund Kean, the tragedy of 'Richard II.' has not been witnessed in London; and Mr. Macready appears in it to us for the first time, though he has, we believe, frequently performed it in the provinces. Wanting in interest as the drama itself is, we are grateful for the opportunity of seeing Mr. Macready in the part: it is one

remarkably well suited to his genius and style. The recklessness and arrogance of the spendthrift and unscrupulous monarch—his boundless confidence in the divine prerogative—his right royal method of thinking on all occasions, even when acting wrongfully—his filial love and reverence for his native soil—his exultation on returning to it—his pride, his dejection, his humiliation—his grief, and wrath, and utter destitution—all these phases of character were alternately depicted by Mr. Macready with wonderful force and precision. Clear it was that he had given to the character the most profound study, and exhausted on it all the resources of his histrionic talent. We should much regret if the want of theatrical elements in the action of the tragedy should abridge its run. The one character, acted as it is, ought to command the town for many representations."

### FACTS AND OPINIONS

#### OF LITERATURE, SOCIETY, AND MOVEMENTS OF THE DAY.

THE New England Festival of the landing of the Pilgrims, called forth, at its celebration in this city the other day, some dinner-table speeches of more than the usual interest, from Daniel Webster, the Rev. Mr. Bellows, and Sir Henry Bulwer. Mr. Bellows gave this illustration of the political sermons of Thanksgiving Day: "The clergy are the lungs of the country, whose business it is to bring the breath of the country into contact with the truth and the wisdom of the word of God." Mr. Webster, in addition to the staple topics of eulogy, threw a fresh perfume on the violet at sight of a confectionery model on the table of the May Flower. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are now two hundred and thirty years from that great event. There is the *May Flower* (pointing to a small figure of a ship, in the form of confectionery, that stood before him). There is a little resemblance, but a correct one, of the *May Flower*. Sons of New England! there was, in ancient times, a ship that carried JASON to the acquisition of the Golden Fleece. There was a flag ship at the battle of Actium which made AUGUSTUS CÆSAR master of the world. In modern times there have been flag ships which have carried HAWKINS, and HOWE, and NELSON, on the other continent, and which have carried HULL, and DECATUR, and STEWART on this, to triumph. What are they all, what are they all, in the chance of remembrance among men, to that little bark—the *May Flower*—which reached these shores! Yes, brethren of New England, yes! That *May Flower* was a flower of perpetual bloom! (Cheers.) Its verdure stands the melting blasts of summer and the chilling winds of autumn. It will defy winter. It will defy all climate and all time, and will continue to spread its petals to the world and exhale an ever living odor and fragrance, to the 'latest syllable of recorded time.'"

The arrival of the *Oriental* at London, one of the fleet of clipper built ships sent out from this port to the Pacific, in ninety-eight days at Canton, has, with the success of Collins's steamers, opened the eyes of John Bull to the necessity of maritime enterprise. The *Times* thus recognises this great commercial feature of the age: "Everything now conspires to render speed as indispensable to success on sea as on land. By the aid of steam we have intelligence within two months from every considerable port in the world, excepting only our own Australian colonies. In the third week of October we had Californian newspapers of Sept. 1. Notwithstanding the immense cost of our postal communications with the West Indies, Central America, and the Pacific, the Americans are able to anticipate them so far that the news brought by the West India packets is generally some days out of date. By the electric telegraph intelligence is conveyed almost instantaneously between Boston and New Orleans, 'beating time' by half an hour. The completion of the continental railroads will soon shorten the journey between London and Alexandria; and there is at length some hope that the journey between Bombay and the two other Presidencies will be measured by hours. But the

quicker the conveyance of intelligence and of travellers, the quicker too must be the conveyance of goods. At all events, the more certain is the swifter conveyance to take away all profit from the slower. Just at this time, when Atlantic steamers multiplying every year, railroads increasing by a thousand miles per annum in the New and the Old World, and the electric telegraph, seem to quicken the pace and the pulse of the world; the discovery of California drives the competition up to fever heat, and for a time threatens to put the United States at the head of the universal competition. There is no doubt that it will draw into this new and almost miraculous opening much of that enterprise which has lately been rewarded with wonderful results nearer home. We have several times had to direct our attention to the fresh and fresh lines of steamers on the American rivers and lakes, to vast additional lengths of canal, and the endless ramifications of the railway system; as also to the new manufactures introduced wherever an opening offered. The rapid increase of population in the States, augmented by an annual immigration of near three hundred thousand from these isles, is a fact that forces itself on the notice and the interest of the most inobservant and incurious. All these promise to develop the resources of the States to such an extent as to compel us to a competition as difficult as it is unavoidable. We must run a race with our gigantic and unshackled rival. We must set our long-practised skill, our steady industry, and our dogged determination, against his youth, ingenuity, and ardor. It is the father who runs a race with his son. A fell necessity constrains us, and we must not be beat. Let our ship-builders and their employers take warning in time."

The young and beautiful Countess Dembinski, who came to this country in July last, with her husband, who is now honestly and nobly supporting himself by selling cigars in Nassau street, next door to the office of the *Evening Post*, was born of a noble family. It is somewhat singular, that while foreigners are so much caressed in our fashionable circles, this very lovely and accomplished woman should receive no attention whatever.—(*Evening Post*.)

It does not so strike us. The lady, however highly born, however lovely and accomplished, has done nothing to make her the cynosure of eyes which see only through the glass of fashion. She has never obtruded herself on public notice—has never eloped—has committed no breach of decorum and challenged admiration for it, on the ground of her rank—she has lived the life of a true-hearted woman:—what is there in this calculated to attract the attention, or enlist the sympathy of "fashionable circles?"

The Count, her husband, presents but another instance of the capricious fickleness of popular philanthropic lion-hunting. Though a young man, he was among the most effective and devoted defenders of his country in her late struggle, and sacrificed everything, rank, position, fortune, and employment, in his patriotic devotion to her rights. He is an accomplished practical engineer,—able to discharge all the duties of that profession; and yet on reaching this country, as an exile, seeking a subsistence for himself and his family, he is compelled to open a *Cigar Shop* as the only feasible method of accomplishing his purpose. We wish that some of our railroad or other corporations that have need of such services, could give him an engagement where his duties would be more congenial to his tastes; but if this cannot be, we hope, at all events, that he will be abundantly successful in selling cigars.—(*Courier and Enquirer*.)

The following is a portion of M. Guizot's preface to the new edition of his work on Washington:—"It was under the monarchy, almost in the midst of the councils of King Louis Philippe, that I rendered homage to Washington—to the foundation of a great Republic by a great man. In re-publishing it to-day, a feeling of profound sadness comes over me.

"The more I behold, the more I remain convinced that the Republic, a noble form of govern-

ment, is the most difficult and most dangerous of governments. It is a form of government which demands from Providence the most rare and favorable circumstances, and from society itself the greatest harmony, wisdom, and virtue. And even then it exposes society to many risks, and chances numerous.

"The United States were a new society which had not suffered stormy and divers transformations—which did not bear the yoke of a long past—which had nothing to destroy when it had a government to create. That young society was not surrounded by rivals, scarcely by neighbors. Immensity of free space was spread before it, open to the wants and to the passions of man. For a long time in its internal affairs it had possessed and practised the Republican form of government. It only knew Monarchy by name, beyond the ocean, as a respected domination, rather than a necessary and extant power. When it commenced a struggle against that power, it was to resist iniquitous pretensions, to defend its rights—legal rights of old standing. The citizens of that society, rich and poor, enlightened or ignorant, were nearly unanimous in favor of a republican form of government. They were Christians in heart as well as in name. At the moment they broke with their king, they lived in humility before God, the King of kings.

"It was thus that the Republic of the United States was founded. And in despite of so many advantages, if it had been placed in our hemisphere instead of its own, compressed between the great States of Europe instead of expanding itself freely like its rivers in its forests and its plains, the doubt is warranted whether it could have been founded, and could live peaceful and glorious as it has lived.

"To-day France is undergoing the unexpected experiment, with a constitution which would cause disorder in the best regulated society; of that form of government, which America selected from her free choice, according to her natural inclinations, adapted to the unexampled situation accorded to her from on high. Will the Republic of 1848 attain the destinies of the Republic of Washington? This is the question which is now under discussion. The Republic has had a fair trial. Notwithstanding its origin, men of every shade of opinion entrenched themselves behind it as behind a rampart for their common defence, and for the defence of society in general against its mortal enemies. The Republic exists in the name and in the interests of that order which it has destroyed. It had no right to expect such good luck. Will it turn it to account? Will it know how, with perseverance, to practise a firm policy of conservation and reconstruction? France invokes it! It suffices not for the foundation of a government that it daily saves society from destruction; it must deliver society from the daily fear of perishing, and open to it the prospect of a long and peaceful existence. I speak neither of liberty nor glory. I hope, however, that France will not learn to dispense with either.

GUIZOT.

Au Val Richer, Oct. 1850.

### VARIETIES.

#### FOR THE LITERARY WORLD, FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN AMATEUR.

SERMONS. DINNER.—A minister having preached a very long sermon, as was his custom, some hours after asked a gentleman his opinion of it; he replied, that "'twas good, but that it had spoiled a goose worth two of it."

A NOSOLOGIST.—During the late canvass in Michigan, a surgeon-dentist was making an excellent speech in one of the interior towns. A low fellow, belonging to the other party, interrupted him with the question, "What do you ask to pull a tooth, doctor?" "I will pull all your teeth for a shilling, and your nose gratis," replied the speaker.—*Galt Reporter*.

A COOLNESS.—When Semph's wife kicked him out of bed, says he—"See here, now! you'd



better not do that again! If you do, it will cause a coolness."

**BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.**—"Is there there bibles?" asked a verdant specimen, of the clerk of the supreme court, as he pointed to a pile of blank records of wills. "No," answered the clerk, "those are testaments."

**PAYING FOR THINGS.**—One cannot bear to pay for articles, said Charles Lamb, he used to get for nothing. When Adam laid out his first penny for apples at some stall in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with him, reflecting upon his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing.

**A MARRIAGE NEATLY ACCOMPLISHED.**—Lizst, the pianist, had taken a fancy to a jeweller's daughter, and thus is the courtship described:

One morning the jeweller coming to the point with German frankness, said to Lizst, "How do you like my daughter?"

"She is an angel."

"What do you think of marriage?"

"I think so well of it, that I have the greatest possible inclination to try it."

"What would you say to a fortune of three millions of francs?"

"I would willingly accept it."

"Well, we understand each other. My daughter pleases you; you please my daughter; her fortune is ready—be my son-in-law."

"With all my heart."

The marriage was celebrated the following week. And this, according to the chronicles of Prague, is a true account of the marriage of the great pianist Lizst.

#### PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

##### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the earliest and pleasantest recollections of the present younger generation of book-buyers is the name of Mr. GEORGE F. ADRIANCE and the Arcade, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia: then lifting his tent we find him striking his stakes in the "News Hut," Bowery, New York: another remove, and he has for a roof the Astor House, with Messrs. Sherman & Co. for Partners; and there they will extend the hospitality of the counter cheerfully to all comers, Greek or Turk, citizen or stranger, man, woman, and boy, all day long, and some time after sundown besides, with an infinite stock of books, annual, monthly, weekly; note paper, writing paper, and all the other provisions of an amply-stocked book store. We readily give our good word to Messrs. Adriance, Sherman & Co., for the New Year.

KERNOT, Broadway, this side of Bleecker street, has established a little book-temple, where many scholars and cultivated men and women will find their idols handsomely enshrined. The store is worth a visit merely for its order, arrangement, and the neat array of binding in which the popular authors are presented. There is also a Catalogue to be had there which enlightens the public as to Mr. Kernot's possessions and capabilities in an original and mirthful fashion.

Messrs. APPLETON & Co. have just issued "The Mother's Recompense," by Grace Aguilar; a sequel to "Home Influence," by the same author. It is printed from the author's proof sheets, and, the first part having been a great favorite with the public, a large edition has, we believe, been already disposed of.

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- II. On the Law of the Induction of an Electric Current upon itself when developed in a straight prismatic conductor, and of discharges of Machine Electricity through straight wires. By J. H. Lane..... 17
- III. On Meteorites. By Charles Upham Shepard.. 36
- IV. An Essay on the Classification of Nemertes and Planaria, preceded by some general considerations on the Primary Divisions of the Animal Kingdom. By Charles Girard..... 41
- V. Memoir on Emery. By J. Lawrence Smith, M.D. Second Part.—On the Minerals associated with Emery..... 53
- VI. On the Velocity of the Galvanic Current in Telegraph Wires. By E. A. Gould, Jun., in a Report to Prof. A. D. Bache, LL.D., Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey..... 67
- VII. Reply to Mr. De la Rue's Remarks on the Nomenclature contained in the American Journal of Science, Vol. IX. p. 23; with a notice of two new test objects. By J. W. Bailey..... 82
- VIII. Miscellaneous Notices. By J. W. Bailey..... 85
- IX. On the Time required to raise the Galvanic Current to its Maximum in Coiled Conductors, and its importance in Electro-Mechanics. By Prof. Charles G. Page, M.D..... 86
- X. A new figure in Mies, and other Phenomena of Polarized Light. By Prof. Chas. G. Page, M.D. 89
- XI. Descriptions of new species of Fungi collected by the U. S. Exploring Expedition under C. Wilkes, U. S. N., Commander. By Rev. M. J. Berkeley and Rev. M. A. Curtis..... 93
- XII. On the Markings of the Carapax of Crabs. By James D. Dana..... 95
- XIII. Chemical Examination of a Phosphate of Iron, Manganese, and Lithia, from Norwich, Mass., By W. J. Craw..... 99
- XIV. On the Physical and Crystallographic Characters of the Phosphate of Iron, Manganese, and Lithia, of Norwich, Massachusetts. By James D. Dana..... 100
- XV. Notice of the discovery by Walter Mantell, Esq. of Wellington, in the Middle Island of New Zealand, of a Living Specimen of Notornis, a Bird of the Rail Family. (In a Letter from Dr. Mantell to the senior editor.)..... 102

The following 50 pages are devoted to new discoveries at home and abroad in Chemistry, Physics, Geology, Mineralogy, Astronomy, Meteorology, Practical Science, and Bibliographical Notices. 34



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